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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Standards

NO peace treaty has ever been signed between the stalwarts who call for fixed and immutable principles in both life and literature, and those restless minds which complain that fixities deny the fact of change. And yet culture would be safe with neither alone and unopposed. Truth absolute and truth relative have been, as Mr. Norman Foerster justly says, at the bottom of the critical warfare fought so briskly in American literary journals for the past year. Philosophy has been busy describing and defining the two attitudes, but its abundant literature is not always helpful to the puzzled reader who asks for results rather than definitions, and must be pardoned the crudity of a direct question, Are there absolute standards of excellence by which art, and in particular literary art, can be judged?

If it be answered that, however difficult of perception and application, such standards there are, and we unhesitatingly record ourselves as of that opinion, then it may seem that the whole duty of a critic is to sit at the knees of the classics and make their truth prevail. To think so is to miss the true concern of critical controversy in this and every other age. Absolute truth there may be, but in its pure form it is never known in this world. Truth, principles, standards, in our phrasing, are compounded of true perceptions blended by temperament and influenced by circumstances of the time. Truth, as it is stated, does not stay true forever. Aristotle has a validity apart from time and space, but he would not have been Aristotle, would not have thought like Aristotle, if he had not been a Greek of the Macedonian era. The Greek in his precepts decays, the Aristotle in his precepts is temporal. And therefore the historian, the scientist, and even the psychologist and impressionist, must assist the critic of pure thought if we are to understand how far principles, standards, truths are immutable, how far relative.

* * *

One set of critics is preordained by training and temperament to search out the principles which set values for our art. They never get them pure and clear, for in every era of critical thought these aspirations toward truth and beauty are codified with a difference. They seldom agree with one another (as literary history abundantly proves) except that there *are* laws by which all practice must be tested, and that not popularity, not usefulness, not even delight can justify the work of art that does not meet their tests.

But fortunately other critics are preordained to be skeptical of their conclusions, for since these principles are man-made, or man-found, they invariably have some taint of mortal in them. They are not infallible because their prophets are not infallible. Like the famous principle of dramatic unity, they have some alloy of the environment from which they came. As times change, that part of the formula for truth which applies only to what was *now* and has become *then*, stiffens and will not work with that universal applicability which we suppose belongs to absolute truth. And when it stiffens its patrons will defend it with the passion of a mother defending her limping child. When the tempo of change in some areas of life becomes rapid, as today, this rigidity of the temporal and accidental is betrayed with pathetic frequency. Seeing that the old rules, as phrased, and as imposed by a time or temperament, no longer seem useful, the public begins to doubt all rules and heads toward the anarchy of mere impressionism.

Hence the necessity of this second critical party

(*Continued on page* 239)

*An American in England**

By ELINOR WYLIE

Here Is a Marvel, and No God May Ban It.
An Olive Branch, Grown in New England Granite.

I LOVE every stock and stone
Of this land, no more my own;
Which we lost, that it might be
Wider by half a world of sea;
We cleft the rock with bitter toil
Having left our roots in sweeter soil,
Or torn them up and bid them thrive
Like mandrakes, bloody but alive:
Dust and sweat were wholesome salves
Until our hearts were cut in halves.
Ah, that was a prodigious wound;
A severing of sacred ground;
That was bad; but this is best;
Let the uprooted mandrake rest.
Love the good and leave the fault;
Sow not his several graves with salt;
Sow not these graves with dragon's teeth;
Part of England lies beneath
Both the granite and the loam:
Let the divided heart come home
To half-content, and understand
His passion for a wilder land
Still untamed and still unfed
By flesh and bone that England bred.
If we desert the deed undone
Alas, what daughter and what son!
Break the sword: the iron strike
To plough-shares, share and share alike!

* The above poem, to which the editor has given its title, was found among the literary effects of one of America's most distinguished poets and expresses her intense feeling on the subject of Anglo-American relationships.

This Week

"Letters of Henry Adams."
Reviewed by M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

"The Psychology of Achievement."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"Al Capone."
Reviewed by W. R. BURNETT.

"Cakes and Ale."
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

"This Pure Young Man."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Gentlemen All."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"The Fool of the Family."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.

The First Day of Spring.
By HENRY WILLIAMSON.

John Mistletoe, XIII.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"Blenheim."
Reviewed by PHILIP GUEDALLA.

The Elusive Henry Adams*

By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FOUR days before his marriage Henry Adams wrote to his English friend, Milnes Gaskell, a kinsman of Richard Monckton Milnes, "I start off at once after the breakfast to go down to a little seaside place called Cotuit, where one of my future uncles has a country house which he has lent to us." The Cotuit honeymoon thus foreshadowed was passed at a typical Cape Cod house of the older and better sort, not half a mile, along the shore, from the attic in which these words are written. It would seem within the range of possibility to visualize at that place and time the writer and teacher of thirty-four whose marriage to Miss Marian Hooper was solemnized on June 27, 1872. Even when DeWolf Hopper tells one of having walked the sandy beaches of Cotuit in his early days with Phillips Brooks—a pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, within hailing distance of oyster beds—their living figures, however strangely paired, seem easier to image forth than those of Henry Adams and his bride. Henry James, in all conscience, is elusive enough, but when he includes a glimpse of Cotuit in his "American Scene," one sees not only the place but, somehow, him against its background. It is not merely a matter of having these others, though not Henry Adams, in the scrap-book of one's memory. No one of them—not even Henry James—has been more elaborately self-recorded, nor with such apparent effort in the direction of frank self-revelation. No one of them, and few besides, seem so inherently elusive.

* * *

In the newly published "Letters of Henry Adams," edited by that past-master of Adams material, Mr. Worthington C. Ford, one may read, in another letter to Milnes Gaskell, a description of the lady soon to visit Cotuit as a bride, and, nearly twenty years later—after her death—to become the subject of the most elusive, as it is probably the most beautiful, memorial monument of its time:

> Imprimis and to begin with, the young woman calls herself Marian Hooper and belongs to a sort of clan, as all Bostonians do. Through her mother, who is not living, she is half Sturgis, and Russell Sturgis of the Barings is fourth cousin or thereabouts. Socially the match is supposed to be unexceptionable. One of my congratulatory letters describes my "fiancée" to me as "a charming blue." She is certainly not handsome; nor would she be quite called plain, I think. She is twenty-eight years old. She knows her own mind uncommon well. She does not talk *very* American. Her manners are quiet. She reads German—also Latin—also, I fear, a little Greek, but very little. She talks garrulously, but on the whole pretty sensibly. She is very open to instruction. *We* shall improve her. She dresses badly. She decidedly has humor and will appreciate *our* wit. She has enough money to be quite independent. She rules me as only American women rule men, and I cower before her. Lord! how she would lash me if she read the above description of her!

And, after a few paragraphs about plans, the letter ends: "I must stop to make love."

Here indeed Henry Adams extends to her who was closest to him—who led him even to call himself in another letter, "absurdly in love"—the same frankness with which he seems always to have been trying to regard himself. Readers of his "Education" know how elusive he found himself and all that concerned him. Is it any wonder that he was perpetually baffling to others?

The quality of indefiniteness in Henry Adams is by no means characteristic of his family in general—a family which its latest historian, Mr. James

* LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS. Edited by WORTHINGTON C. FORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $5.

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Truslow Adams, disclaiming any relationship with it, has called the most distinguished in America. It is also the most interesting, if interest is to be measured by extraordinary powers transmitted, with little loss of identity, from generation to generation. One of its most distinctive qualities has been that of forthrightness: there has seldom been much difficulty in knowing precisely where an Adams stood. In the capacity to bewilder both himself and others Henry Adams was therefore somewhat anomalous in the family circle. Nor was this at all due to any failure on his part to realize just what was to be expected from an Adams. On an early page of the new "Letters" he is found writing, at twenty, to his brother Charles from Germany: "There are two things that seem to be at the bottom of our constitutions; one is a continual tendency towards politics; the other is family pride; and it is strange how these two feelings run through all of us." In his "Education" he records his boyish assumption that the attainment of the presidency might be taken virtually for granted by any one of his tribe: "He could not remember ever to have thought on the subject; to him, that there should be any doubt of his being President was a new idea." At fifty-two, in full disillusionment, he wrote to Mrs. Lodge from Samoa, where the U. S. frigate *Adams* had made his name familiar: "I am rejoiced to find, for the first time in my life, that my name is worth something to me, but the natives are solid aristocrats to a man, and they evidently know a swell when they see one." Being an Adams was obviously still somewhat, if a little humorously, on his mind.

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His older brother Charles, an officer in the Union army while Henry was serving as secretary to their father during his invaluable term as American Minister at London, wrote to that father in 1864 in a letter—printed in "A Cycle of Adams Letters"—which Henry must have shared: "To be egotistical, I think I see the old family traits cropping out in myself. These men [of his Company] don't care for me personally. They think me cold, reserved, and formal. They feel no affection for me, but they do believe in me, they have faith in my power of accomplishing results and in my integrity." Such

1863, and experience the curious sensation of discovering myself to be a humbug. How is this possible? Do you understand how, without a double personality, *I* can feel that *I* am a failure? One would think that the *I* which could feel that, must be a different *ego* from the *I* of which it is felt." By way of retort to a brotherly reproach this—found in the "Cycle"—palpably lacked the vigor of the expressions of Charles to Henry on an earlier page of the same volume:

> Fortune has done nothing but favor you and yet you are "tired of this life." You are beaten back everywhere before you are twenty-four, and finally writing philosophical letters you grumble at the strange madness of the times and haven't even faith in God and the spirit of your age. What do you mean by thinking, much less writing such stuff? "No longer any chance left of settled lives and Christian careers!" Do you suppose the world is coming to an end now? Hadn't you better thank God that your lot is cast in great times? How am I throwing myself away? Isn't a century's work of my ancestors worth a struggle to preserve? Am I likely to do so much that it won't do for me to risk my precious life in this great struggle? Come—no more of this. Don't get into this vein again, or if you do, keep it to yourself.

Little good such chiding seems to have accomplished, for well before a year was out Henry was writing in his old mood, "I always was a good deal of a sceptic and speculator in theories and think precious small potatoes of man in general and myself in particular." In all this interchange of sentiments it must be said that the authentic Adams ring announced itself unequivocally in the words of the junior Charles Francis.

These quotations are from letters of nearly seventy years ago, when both the writers of them were in their twenties. How may they be related to the present moment? Well, it happened so recently as in the spring of this very year that "The Adams Family," by James Truslow Adams, fell for review into the hands of a Harvard undergraduate, not himself bearing the Adams name, though a great-nephew of Charles and Henry, and with these words, apropos to the book, he began and ended his notice of it in a college journal:

> The greatness of the Adams family lies, perhaps, in their intense interest in themselves. It has led them to an overweening egoism, but it has also given them a keen sense of what they stand for. I am a connection of the Adamses, and I feel sure that they themselves, rather than an outsider—for the author of this book is not one of *the* Adamses—could best define what they have meant in the American scene. . . . Unfortunately with each generation, this haunting fear that they will not live up to the family tradition has deepened, and the pressure of the ancestor-worship is now such that the future of the Adamses, to my mind, depends on a very close decision between balance and instability, between continued high distinction and a profound megalomania.

Here indeed is the family tradition in strictly contemporaneous terms: one of "*the* Adamses," in all the candor of youth, contemplates "their intense interest in themselves," their "overweening egoism" joined with their inherited sense of responsibility, and frankly faces the perils for "the future of the Adamses" if the scales tip towards instability instead of balance, if the continuance of high distinction yields place to megalomania. The historic forthrightness of the Adams thought and utterance is freshly vindicated. Observers who are not Adamses receive full warning of what they will do well to observe. Those for whom the figure of Henry Adams has a special interest may speculate at will upon the extent to which his career tallied with the generalizations just cited. More specifically they may wish to consider what light the Letters now published throw upon the long future that stretched before him in the 'sixties.

The light is not precisely that which proceeds from the pages of his "Education." Looking now at the copy of it which I read on its publication in 1912, I find that I wrote on its fly-leaf,

> In Adam's fall
> We sinnéd all,
> And ever since that maladroit beginning
> Against the Adamses the world's been sinning.

This, I suspect, was meant to record a sense of the grievances in which the book then seemed to abound. It is hard to-day to see quite why Henry Adams labeled his experience as a brilliantly impressive teacher of history at Harvard so uncompromisingly as "Failure." In the "Autobiography" of his brother Charles, enlightening the public several years later upon the events of a life in which achievement and

maps natural for

recital of "failures" and "mistakes" of which they were conscious by hands other than their own. Certainly something of this sort actuated Charles Francis Adams when, as President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he committed his "Autobiography" to that body for publication after his death in lieu of the usual "Memoir"—saying that he did not care to have the awkward squad firing over his grave. In the case of Henry Adams's "Education" the firing has been over a book more than over a man—and that book a thing of such subtlety as to impart to almost any discharge of a salute some suggestion of the awkward squad. In the "Letters" now supplementing the "Education" the man himself seems nearer. The latest letter printed was written (December 29, 1891) nearly fifteen years before he made the deliberate self-study preserved in the "Education." Indeed this volume provides, for the first time, the material on which somebody else could base a fairly searching study of his character and performance. And even this material, as Mr. Ford tells us, represents but the salvage from Henry Adams's attempted general destruction of his correspondence, diaries, and the like.

What manner of man, then, is it that emerges more from the "Letters" than from the "Education?" Unconsciously rather than consciously defined, still elusive—"Drat the whole concern!" he cries, "I scarcely know what to make of life or of myself"—blending in his nature a variety of opposites, he is nevertheless a memorable figure of the artist-scholar, the amateur of life, capable of the warmest feeling and the sharpest suffering, always of the most delicate discriminations, finding in friends and books and thoughts frequent solace for pains that gave to the pages of his "Education" their prevailing tinge of sombreness and disappointment. This is by no means absent from the "Letters," but how frequently is it offset by surprising shows of zest!

Look, for example, at the vigor with which he was capable of disputing with his brother Charles on the purpose of life:

> Your ideas and mine don't agree, but they never have agreed. You like the strife of the world. I detest it and despise it. You work for power. I work for my own satisfaction. You like roughness and strength; I like taste and dexterity. For God's sake let us go our ways and not try to be like each other.

Look, again, at the active enjoyment of overworking—while it lasted—under the double burden of editing the *North American Review* and giving a highly personalized instruction in history at Harvard. It was only in retrospect that it became "Failure." Nothing short of sheer buoyancy could have led him, while seeking Carl Schurz as a contributor to the *Review*, to ask him for the rough notes for an article to which he himself would give a form lacking only the finality of Schurz's correction or improvement. Of a dilettante's indifference no trace is discoverable here or at other points to which attention might be called. "After fifty," he wrote at forty-three, "I mean to devote myself to frivolity and friends." For only a few years after that turning-point he reveals himself in the "Letters," but we know how much beyond mere relaxation there was in actuality after fifty as in all the preceding years, and those who feel with James Truslow Adams that the "Education" is "the most thought-provoking autobiography, though it was not so intended, that America has produced," and place it, with him, "among the very few American classics," can hardly fail to find in the "Letters" many and impressive confirmations in this way of thinking. The two books should certainly be regarded as companion volumes.

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The extraordinary popular demand for "The Education of Henry Adams," not only on its publication but through the eighteen years that have followed is a singular and highly encouraging phenomenon in the field of publishing. The fact of its preliminary private circulation among the truly "knowing" may have accounted at first for the desire of a certain number of readers to share a coveted privilege as a sort of passport to association with the chosen few. But this is not nearly enough to explain the large and continued vogue which the book has enjoyed. At this later day, when "The Specialist" and "The Strange Death of President Harding" keep reappearing on monthly lists of best-sellers, how will such a book as this new volume of "Letters" fare? Of the first volume of his "History" Henry Adams

osest friend in England,
a continent of a hundred
hence"; and to the same

friend he had already avowed himself: "I am satisfied that literature offers higher prizes than politics, and I am willing to look on at my friends who differ from me on that point of theory." Again he wrote, "I hate publishing, and do not want reputation. There are not more than a score of people in America whose praise I want, and the number will grow with time." In all this was he not profoundly right?

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There is no question that Henry Adams anticipated, in all his thought and his writing, a period that was to follow his own. We talk a great deal at present of pre-war, and post-war states of mind. A pre-war man in the flesh, Henry Adams was remarkably a post-war man in the spirit. At once a passionate lover of beauty and an eager inquirer in science, he found in the Virgin and the dynamo his symbols of the mystical and the concrete which are so inextricably mingled in the modern mind. Was he elusive? So is that mind. Did his mysticism and elusiveness savor, to his more matter-of-fact contemporaries, almost of perversity? Did his speculations in science separate him from the metaphysical thinkers of his earlier day? So, in both particulars, does the most characteristic thought of the present separate itself from the best prevailing thought of Henry Adams's prime. In 1863 he was writing of the *I* that was a failure, judged by an *ego* that must be something different. In 1891 he wrote of "the *me* of 1870; a strangely different being from the *me* of 1890." Were he living today he would hardly need to be more modern than he was some forty and sixty years ago to read with relish those later pages of *Le Temps Retrouvé* in which Proust has discussed the succession of *moi* to *moi* in the making of a total personality.

It is for these reasons that there is not yet in the body of his writings, as in that of so many of his contemporaries, any trace of the old-fashioned. None but the hardiest of prophets would venture to predict that in another fifty years the signs of ageing will not touch his writings in general, as they have already, in the more rapidly changing fashions in fiction, touched his "Democracy." Yet one may prophesy, without much fear of reversal, that, on

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the shelf of books representing America in the transition from the nineteenth to the twentieth century, the writings of Henry Adams will long stand as typical monuments to the subtler pioneer thinking of their time in history, art, and social relationships.

Thus, one makes bold to believe, he will stand secure among the greater members of a great American family. Of such a realist as he was there need be no hesitation in saying that he would not have been so much an Adams had he not been also a Brooks, with the resulting economic freedom to pursue, after the promptings of his own nature, and with none of the intrusions of self-support, the interests that most appealingly beckoned to him. "Taste and dexterity" were what he liked, and in the cultivation of taste and dexterity there was nothing to say him nay. His taste displayed itself in choosing and holding as his intimates the most charming and stimulating of friends of both sexes; in his flight from a Boston of which the atmosphere oppressed him, and his gravitation "to a capital by a primary law of nature"; in the delights of a veritable amateur in wide ranges of letters and art. His dexterity in his chosen medium of verbal expression, noticeable from first to last in his "Letters," enabled him to toss off felicities of thought and phrase which would have been the making of an ironic novelist, and to bring his English style, in his more carefully wrought writings, to a high point of distinction.

If with all these clearly definable qualities he was still an elusive figure, is it not perhaps another primary law of nature that the blending of such gravity and such humor as those of Henry Adams is bound to result in something that defies exact classification—and is therefore only the more beguiling?

Standards

(*Continued from page 237*)

whose job is constantly to test tests and analyze traditional principles by a continual back and forward reference to life and literature as it is being lived and written. They are not enemies of truth, they are truth's jealous lovers, who will not accept a substitute. Mr. Foerster, in the essay in the *Bookman* to which I have already made reference, calls these men mere historians, and accuses them of losing sight of ultimate values in the attempt to show that works of art are phenomena of life and valuable as indices of living without reference to their quality. One doubts whether any critic whose concern is with literature could be so sociological. If he lists indifferently every play or novel as good just because it is a voice of the age, then he needs chastening. But let us admit that the historical critics do sometimes need chastening. They take too readily the complacent view that whatever is strong and successful is right. They sometimes smother truth under tolerance; and yet, without them, truth would stiffen into a cocoon of rigid principle from which the butterfly can never hatch. The trees have been hung with many such cocoons in the last six months.

The duty of these critics of rigidity is a constant awareness of every difference in condition, every change in artistic expression, every new way of approaching the secret and interpreting the nature of life. If there were immutable formulas of criticism with nothing in their phrasing but eternal and ever applicable truth, they would not need to enter into controversy; they themselves would be both traditionalists and practitioners for the present moment. But there are no such formulas. And hence, for the good of all, these other critics must attach themselves like familiar spirits to the preachers of formulas, saying, Modify, clarify, vivify, amend, for it was not truth in the absolute that was given you by the past, but truth as the past saw it. Without such constant endeavors we should be ridden by the tyranny of fixed opinion, or hedged in by obscurantism, or warped out of touch with the living present.

At the moment, this chaotic moment, it is fortunate that the traditionalists have plucked up courage and have been reminding an undiscriminating public that there are standards. But they are safe only when they listen to the criticism of those who study the present as much as the past. Good criticism must be a collaboration between those who seek the absolute and those aware of the relativity of all human formulas.

The best sellers of a recent week in England were led by George Macaulay Trevelyan's "Blenheim" and his daughter's "William III," and by Rose Macaulay's "Staying with Relations" and De la Mare's "On the Edge."

The Road to Achievement

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ACHIEVEMENT. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

THAT relation between what we are and what we manage to accomplish is a matter of basic importance. It should have a department and a place in the cabinet at Washington, if that were a promising way of achieving things—which is more than doubtful. Mr. Pitkin with an original approach makes a distinct contribution to clarification, explodes enough popular errors to produce a welcome bombardment, and is both provocative and provoking. For there are two Pitkins; the one is a journalist, and the other a psychologist, and they don't always keep step; they relay one another in confusing sequence and make hard the way of the transgressing reviewer who would have done it differently.

Beside the dual role, with change of costume and manner and jargon, there is an alternation of method between exposition of principle and case-

DRAWING BY QNIGO JONES
From Jonson's "The Masque of Queene's" (Viking Press).
(*See page 258*)

histories. It is still a one-man show and a good one; but I am a little concerned as to the impressions that the intelligent reader will take away with him.

In the first place it is not a "success" book; and for that may whatever gods publishers acknowledge, be devoutly thanked. It isn't going to give any reader more brains or more power or more income; and if it develops any latent capacity, it is that of straight thinking about a vital matter which commercialism, politics, journalism, behaviorism, and that form of popular delusion which I have called democratism, jointly broadcast from many stations in a variety of wave-lengths. Yet the loud speaker is too much in evidence in many of the author's pronouncements and verdicts, not precisely dogmatic, but to be accepted in a Pitkinian sense.

For there may be as much confusion in stating a truth as an error, and my own views are so largely in accord with those of the psychological Pitkin that the implication is as much a right-handed as a left-handed compliment to his dual personality, and his own versatile achievements.

Definitions are easy when you make your own map. Success is just getting or grabbing what you set out for; but achievement implies a superior aim, usually in the face of difficulties, and exceptional skill in execution. It's doing a worthy thing in a worthy way, and doing it definitely better than your rivals, and vastly better than the great hordes of your good-enough fellow-men—the average duffer who achieves nothing except by chance—which in turn plays a bigger part than is assigned him in any, or at least many an enterprise.

Pitkin uses charts, on which there is a place to diagram your rating in fifty traits which enter into your somatic and psychic constitution. There are five zones; the "good zone" includes about ten per cent of the population; the "superior zone" is half as extensive, and you must leave a trace, not even a tenth of one per cent (which the law allows) but only a hundredth—for the true inspiration of genius. So the great majority are fated to an achievement-less mediocrity; and we are not considering the lowest twenty per cent of whom it has been said, with no attempt at statistical accuracy, that if they had a little more sense, they would be half-witted.

This distribution factor, which was received like a wet blanket when a boastful democracy was informed that the mental age of the average soldier was below fourteen years, affects the entire discussion. How few of us are intelligent or civilized is a reflection that will be less depressing as we become psychologically hard-boiled. On its broader implication, I should like to write a book. But there again Pitkin seems to be one up, for he announces that he is at work on a psychology of stupidity, which is another story and a dismal one.

Next in importance is the principle that not the possession of traits alone, but their interaction determines achievement. Many highly endowed will accomplish little for lack of supplementary traits in sufficient measure; like bananas or dates in a semi-tropical climate, the trees bear fruit, but the fruit does not ripen. And a third dominant principle is that of specialization, the fitting of trait to task. Qualities of supreme value to one calling have a minor part in another or may even handicap. Man and job, like sword and scabbard, must fit and fuse, though the one is shaped by nature and the other by social environment.

Yet thus accoutered with a few leading principles, the private in the infantry setting out to march upon the promised land of achievement, has hardly the half of his equipment. The great determiner of achievement is energy, the generous margin of free energy, after the portions of it needed to satisfy th primary urges have been supplied. Yet energy alone no more than a bon fire, moves no wheels until is organized in a boiler and directed by a mechanism. How you organize, that's the thing; and there the vexed matter of quality intrudes. Next in importance is interest which canalizes energy, and emotion which determines its calories, and gives your set in the relations to others—the competitive others whom you dominate or to whom you submit. Last but not least is brains. And always is your score the best in a hundred, in a thousand, in a million; that's the relative score and there is no other.

Whether diagrammed in charts or dramatized in life stories of failures and successes—always partial ones because no man is superior in all things—there emerges an architect's set of plans and specifications for a human structure,—it may be a shack, it may be a skyscraper. So part of the book must be read like a set of blue prints, and the rest like imaginative drawings or photographs of the human personality in the flesh.

And that's about as far as one can go in informing the reader in prospect of what it is all about. There are 500 pages of it, meaty, suggestive, seasoned; yet the reader when he is through may not be sure whether he has had a course meal or a set of sample diets or recipes. No one capable of reading the book can escape knowing a whole lot more about achievement than he knew before; and, still better, he will discard a generous collection of erroneous beliefs that he formerly held.

Yet somehow it isn't all as convincing as one expects it to be who agrees with the most of it. One may start all over again and agree with the blurb writer that achievement is a case—like the time, the place, and the girl—of the wish, the chance, and the man; an ambition pattern, an immediate environment, and a personality. But when these dice are shaken in the cup of fate, the result, appropriate to the ceremony, still seems a gamble, though the sciences combine to prove the contrary.

Take one mystery out of many that makes one sceptical: the overwhelming disparity—measured Who's Who-wise or otherwise,—between the achievements of men and women. There just can't be so many more achieving men than women, as the biographical dictionaries or the daily press reports. Measured I-Q-wise—except in certain defi-

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nite respects—mountain and valley disappear and become a rolling plain, neuter in gender. It doesn't require a gallant psychologist but only a fair one to admit that his acquaintance of highly endowed men doesn't so far exceed that of equally endowed women. Plot them on the charts supplied in the back of the book, and the profiles are not sharply dissimilar. Trying it for one of them, the result approaches that of Goethe, the highest endowed of all those charted; and my judgments are no more arbitrary or prejudiced than are Dr. Pitkin's, for both of ours are riddled with assumptions which impart a seeming accuracy to a highly speculative procedure.

The psychology of the relation between endowment and achievement has taken a stride ahead by reason of this contribution; but it isn't easy to say just how definitely nor in what direction. Pitkin's pragmatic conclusion one may heartily endorse: that the best possible investment of any nation or civilization is in selective and intensive education of the few fittest minds. These are the future lords of the great to-morrow to whom the book is dedicated.

The Czar of Chicago

AL CAPONE: The Biography of a Self-made Man. By FRED D. PASLEY. New York: Ives Washburn. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. R. BURNETT
Author of "Saint Johnson."

NOT long ago some one asked me why it was that no enterprising journalist had ever compiled a life of one of the most interesting, if not one of the most virtuous, Americans: Al Capone. I was as puzzled as my questioner. Now Mr. Fred Pasley, an old Chicago newspaper man perfectly fitted for the task, has done it and done it well.

This is one of the most amazing books ever written. All Americans at all interested in their own country should read it and ponder. It is choice Americana: an astonishing carnival of rapacity, greed, corruption, and hypocrisy. Capone with a yearly income variously reported as two, ten, and twenty-five millions, is being pursued by income tax collectors, agents of the government, who are trying to collect from him the legitimate percentage of the immense sums he has made from crime. In other words, the government is too supine to prevent him from making millions illegitimately but it can harass him after he has made them.

This in itself is hilarious farce and a fine comment on governmental administration of justice. Funnier things follow.

The chief of police of the second largest city in America, a city with a population of nearly four million, says, in regard to Capone: "It is a waste of time to arrest him." And he is right. Capone has settled; he is a gold mine for predatory officials. How can you convict and send to prison a man who has in his pay policemen, detectives, aldermen, judges?

But, when Capone decides to take a rap, that is, to go to jail, he is accommodated, and spends ten months in a Philadelphia prison. The charge is gun-toting. He has been toting a gun for years. Chicago officials, so they said, were very much relieved, but so was Capone. At least that is what his enemies say. They insist that he went to jail for safety. If this is true, it is much funnier than his row with income tax collectors or his immunity in Chicago.

Capone may be regarded as a symbol of the chaos of the present American government. Prohibition fathered him. The ordinary citizen in many states is annoyed, bullied, and harassed by government, city, and state agents. Little bootleggers are sent up for long terms and are assessed enormous fines. Small alky cookers and very often, as the records show, innocent people are shot down by ruthless or careless agents. But Capone is immune. He has a villa in Florida; he is a millionaire; his name has become a household word. The old pre-prohibition slogan "you can't win" is shown to be pure nonsense.

But Capone is no monster. Far from it. He is merely a thoroughly ruthless and tough-minded individual, who had acumen enough to take advantage of a very unusual situation. The country was dry, but Chicago voted wet "five to one," as Mr. Pasley points out. Chicago was going to have its liquor, law or no law. Capone supplied a huge public demand, that is all; and regarded in this light may be placed with Mr. Henry Ford, Mr. Hearst, and Proctor and Gamble.

He himself says:

> They say I'm a criminal and that I break the law by selling liquor. All right. But some of my customers are the best people in Chicago. What about them? Aren't they breaking the law?

Mr. Pasley is thoroughly acquainted with the history of Al Capone. He pictures his progress from the Five Points gang of Brooklyn upward through the criminal maze of Chicago. We read how Al was arrested for threatening a taxi-driver with a gun (does this seem like the suave Florida Capone, entertaining millionaires and celebrities?), how the case, even so early in his career, was nolle prossed by an indulgent court. We see him battling his way to the top, passing his old bosses, Colosimo and Torrio, in the great Chicago gold rush of the 'twenties. We see him, at last, on his uneasy throne, the acknowledged czar in Chicago, being blamed, as he says, for everything but "the Chicago Fire," and nothing done about it.

The book is packed with details, too many in fact. There is much new material, such as the real inside story of why Mike Genna was with Anselmi and Scalisi the day of their "historic" battle with the police. Two policemen were killed and Mike Genna died of wounds received in the battle, but Anselmi and Scalisi were arrested, tried for murder, and acquitted, due to the fact "that they had merely defended themselves against undue police aggression." They were at the time taking Mike Genna for a ride.

There is a good account of the Lingle affair, and there are many other stories which have never before appeared in print or have had new light thrown on them by Mr. Pasley. But there is too much. Many of the stories Mr. Pasley tells have been told by Edward Sullivan, James O'Donnell Bennett, and also by John Bright in his excellent life of Big Bill Thompson.

To the Life

CAKES AND ALE: or The Skeleton in the Cupboard. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

SOMETHING of a pother has been raised over this book because people say that one of the characters is Thomas Hardy and another a distinguished author still living, and possibly a third somebody else, and Mr. Maugham, so it is reported, denies it all and declares with an oath that his old Edward Driffield is not Thomas Hardy at all. So it goes, and the resulting discussion, one may guess, isn't going to hurt the feelings of Mr. Doubleday and Mr. Doran one little bit.

Since one cannot make bricks without straw and since most fiction writers do not create their characters fully armed from their inner consciousness, let us try to compromise this dispute by admitting that Mr. Maugham may possibly have got into the way of musing upon what he thought were some of the characteristics of the late Thomas Hardy and perhaps even upon certain traits that he fancied he noticed in a distinguished contemporary; just as some years ago he spent pleasantly profitable hours speculating about the curious life of that erratic genius Gauguin. "The Moon and Sixpence" was not about Gauguin, but about an imaginary character who was somewhat like Gauguin in some respects, and "Cakes and Ale" is not about Thomas Hardy at all, but about an imaginary Grand Old Man of English Letters, who bears some resemblance in certain ways to Thomas Hardy.

The issue being thus amicably settled, let it be stated that for the enjoyment of the reader it doesn't matter a rap who the characters may or may not have been. There they are, large as life and true to life, in Mr. Maugham's pungent satire on certain phases of the English literary world. There is Edward Driffield, the novelist, whose realism was once excoriated as an insult to English womanhood and all the rest of it, but who came in old age to enjoy the premier position in English letters, honored by duchesses and prime ministers, and carefully disciplined by a second wife to the role of distinguished author; there is Alroy Kear, the industrious and very gentlemanly author, always seen with the right people and ever ready to invite a hostile critic to lunch; there are Mrs. Barton Trafford, the literary lion-tamer, and her poodle husband; there is the second Mrs. Driffield, efficient, persistent, and conscientious in fetching her distinguished husband out of the low pubs that he loved, and in inducing him to take the occasional bath that he hated, and generally in arranging the properties for the picture of a distinguished writer in his declining years. And principally there is Rosie, Driffield's first wife, the "skeleton in the cupboard," the a-moral ex-barmaid —Rosie with the sweetest smile in all the world, with her pale-gold hair and her skin that was all silvery gold, Rosie who loved love so much that it never occurred to her to refuse it:

> She never thought twice about it. It was not vice; it wasn't lasciviousness, it was her nature. She gave herself as naturally as the sun gives heat or the flowers their perfume. It was a pleasure to her and she liked to give pleasure to others. It had no effect on her character; she remained sincere, unspoiled, and artless.

And the funny thing was that Driffield knew all about Rosie and understood her and that all his best work was done while they were still living together, before Rosie finally left him for a man who "looked like a publican dressed up in his best to go to the Derby," and whom she admitted that she loved because "he was always such a perfect gentleman."

One hopes there won't be any hard feelings about this book, because it is really a rather brilliant piece of writing, with a deal of human nature and some acute and iconoclastic literary criticism in it.

Sir Galahad

THIS PURE YOUNG MAN. By IRVING FINEMAN. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

READERS who place the quotation from "Patience" from which the title of this novel is taken, and remember that the original "particularly pure young man" was Oscar Wilde, may expect to find the phrase given a similarly satiric application here. They will be mistaken. Roger Bendrow, the hero, is a study in the type, not of Bunthorne, but of Sir Galahad. Galahad has a grievance against all his biographers; they have meant well by him, but they have not been equal to their task; indeed, nothing shows more strongly the genius of Sir Thomas Malory than his Galahad, a memorable and likable figure.

Mr. Fineman, it must be confessed at once, is not a Malory. His hero at first, during his college days, is human and interesting; the situation of a boy, delicately brought up almost to manhood, and then thrown suddenly into the coarser world of college, of talk as it is talked and life as it is lived by Jack Falstaff and Mercutio, presents a real problem. And though one may think that Roger's extreme cleanliness is almost neurotic, though one may believe that some loss in delicacy is well repaid by a growth in strength, still one cannot quarrel with Mr. Fineman's solution in his earlier chapters. It is after Roger's graduation, when one lady after another attempts his virtue with the broadest hints, that one begins to be uneasily reminded of Joseph Andrews.

In the latter half of the book Roger's fineness appears in another field. He becomes an architect, and fails of the success he deserves because he will not compromise with the bad taste of his clients and the greed of his employers. In brief, he appears as the devoted artist in a Philistine world; and, as the ingenue in "His Excellency the Governor" says to the suitor who declares that he is an English gentleman, "There are so many others."

The trouble with the book is that its hero's qualities are all excellent, and all negative. He flies from temptation or resists it, and that is all. He has none of the arrogant and pugnacious virtues, or the redeeming vices, that make a character live.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Who Give to Misery All

THE BACK-TO-BACKS. By J. C. GRANT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.

THIS is a painfully absorbing and impressive book. It is an account of life as it is lived in an English mining village, a town of one street of houses set back-to-back, leading from the coal-pit to the graveyard. It expresses no economic or political theory, not even the theory that slavery ought not to exist; it reveals no prejudice—or almost none. There is a single sentence that slips into a commonplace of denunciation: "The original owner of the colliery for some reason or other became infatuated with a society woman who, like the majority of her class, was somewhat worn and polluted." That sentence alone one would wish away, but it, and Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's windy introduction, serve to show by contrast the singular detachment of the book as a whole. Mr. Grant does not think it necessary to argue or condemn; he is content to let the facts speak for themselves.

The story they tell is a terrible one, and terribly well told. Like a skilful torturer, Mr. Grant never plays upon a single nerve until it becomes insensible; he varies his attack. From the pit we go to the houses, the chapel, the slag-heap where the women are to be had, the starved and deserted village a few miles away, and every new scene, whether of the miners' work or of their respites, increases the effect of an abominable, intolerable desolation. A man forced to choose between the conditions of "The Back-to-Backs" and the conditions of "All Quiet on the Western Front" might very well choose the trenches. For the risk of death or hideous mutilation is, if not so great, at least as omnipresent in Mr. Grant's colliery; the want of all comfort and decency is hardly less great; and as for dirt, the trenches cannot compare with the accumulated and encrusted filth of generations which Mr. Grant depicts. And war is not for the term of one's natural life; when from wounds or old age one is past service, one is not forced to live on until one dies in the squalor and wet, and die knowing that one's children are already pressed into the same service. And people think—oneself thinks—of the coal mines not as a lapse into savagery, a horrible exception in life, but as part of the normal necessity of civilized existence.

This book ought to be read. It is quite possible—I speak from ignorance—that it is exaggerated, that it is not literally true. Still it is unmistakably some one's sincere view of the truth, and that cannot be so far out as to be negligible. It will make every one who reads it sick, heartsick and physically sick, but it ought to be read.

Swinging Romance

KOSTIA THE COSSACK. By GENERAL P. N. KRASSNOFF. New York: Duffield & Co. 1930. $3.50.

IF all the Russian emigrés were as industrious and half as talented as our indefatigable friend, General Krassnoff, there wouldn't be any "refugee problem." Two more of his novels are published this month, one of them, "Kostia the Cossack," a fat volume of some five-hundred pages.

The latter resembles its companion story, "Yermak the Conqueror," in leaving behind the present-day Russia which Krassnoff handled in such admirable style in "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" and turning the fancy loose in the semi-Asiatic splendor and barbarity of medieval Russia. As in "Yermak," the author follows here the adventures of a gallant youngster, whose fortunes carry him clear to far Siberia and back. But whereas "Yermak" is more or less frankly a "story for boys," "Kostia" is the latter only in the sense that the novels of Walter Scott have become, with changing fashions, food for young people or for those who wish to take a vacation from the mechanistic present in a more primitive and less intellectually grown-up world.

Here we have the Russia of the seventeenth century and the first of the Romanoffs; the battles between the Don Cossacks and the Azov Turks falcons and pageantry; a lovely and modest heroine, disguises and perils to save her; boyars, infidels in turbans, and a huge panorama of action and romance, all the way from Lhassa and the Grand Lama to the gilded domes and saw-tooth Tartar ramparts of ancient, "white-walled Moscow."

It is a good story for anybody who happens to be in the mood, and especially to be recommended for young people who want pleasantly to build up the background of that present-day Russia which is doing its best to pull up its roots and destroy its backgrounds altogether.

With the Gloves Off

GENTLEMEN ALL. By WILLIAM FITZGERALD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT is possible that William Fitzgerald who has written a vigorous first novel in "Gentlemen All" was born in Pennsylvania. But more probably he was born in Virginia. His seems to be the deep home-grown bitterness, without mirth and without emotion. He has put it into words dispassionately, in a chilling satire which leaves little that is beautiful and nothing that is noble in the grand tradition of spacious life in the broad Valley of Virginia.

What Mr. Fitzgerald has written is not merely a study of a decadent aristocracy full of hot liquor and tepid brains. His novel is only obviously the

ROSIE, THE HEROINE OF "CAKES AND ALE."

record of the defeat of a promising young man by the unpromising environment in which he was born. Colfax Pendleton, the broken protagonist, and Ethel Taylor, type of the feminine Southern mind that breaks him, are figures for a deeper reality than their own lives. Essentially "Gentlemen All" is a dramatization of the forces of destruction in a civilization already dead. It is the story of those forces which make aristocrats already walking in a patterned death unwilling that others should be alive.

With the help of an already escaped older cousin, Colfax Pendleton goes out of the satisfied circle in order to make something of his life in the world. Although in the eyes of his neighbors his aspiration marks him as one who thinks himself wiser than they, he persists. He will be a noted corporation lawyer, marry wisely, and be one of the great ones of earth. Instead, his emotions betray him and he asks for the love of Ethel Taylor, aristocratic Virginia belle. Cold and stately as her love was, he got it. It was the end. The rest of Mr. Fitzgerald's book is the mirthless and tearless post mortem of a man who died only obviously of alcoholism, actually of intellectual and emotional starvation.

The novel is brilliant with the brilliance of a cold stone. It is a cold tracing of the marks of death on a dead civilization. Here is Virginia society, no longer producing the men who make America and therefore unwilling to let the making of America seem important. The things that are important are of the routine of antiquity but a routine no longer enlivened by antiquity's spirit. Pious Virginians will have some truth with them when they say that the book is a picture of only one side of life. The fact remains that it is a true picture of that side. As a picture of life in the whole it is fundamentally more truthful than the pictures the ecstatic romantics painted of the grand Old Dominion.

Mr. Fitzgerald has made an experiment in style with ability but not always with complete success. He writes a lucid, precise prose, but he has attempted to give to his style in the actual rhythm of the words something of the spirit of the pictures they make. Thus he begins his novel with a rollicking movement in his words, sometimes actually a rhymed prose, meant to convey the romanticism of the Virginia valley and young men and young love. The style grows steadily more austere as Colfax Pendleton grows older and the story of his life becomes steadily a crueller story. There is a surer touch along with the steadier prose which makes the book grow to greater excellence in the last than in the first half of it.

What is important is that here is a new novelist who can write with restraint and intelligence and who will allow neither the opportunities for popular tears nor popular laughter to interrupt him for an instant as he goes about doing what he wants to do.

Sanger's Children

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY. By MARGARET KENNEDY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MISS KENNEDY'S "Constant Nymph" owed much of its Puckish charm to the fact that we followed the adventures of Sanger's heterogeneous family in the company of his younger and more undisciplined children, especially in the company of the constant nymph herself, one of the most original and engaging figures in recent fiction. In this new story, which is in a sense a continuation of the earlier tale, Tessa of course cannot come into the picture, and although we again see a topsy-turvy world through the eyes of two of Sanger's children, and although Caryl and Sebastian are still endearingly non-conformist in manners and morals, unfortunately they have both grown up and their irresponsibility seems just a shade tarnished by age. Accordingly, with all the irradiance of her wit, the extravagance of her fancy, and her unerring sense of how musicians actually feel toward their music, Margaret Kennedy has not recaptured the fresh tang, the midsummer madness, of her former book. She has, however, concocted a very diverting novel, a novel that is gay and wanton, yet with sly wisps of wisdom pocketed among its bright pages.

The story is primarily concerned with what happens when a respectable young lady, brought up by a Scotch nurse on porridge and the shorter catechism, meets a Sanger. It is secondarily concerned with what happens when a Sanger like Caryl, a child of his father's first marriage and the most dependable member of the family, meets a Sanger like Sebastian, a product of the second marriage and heir to all his father's genius, instability, and lack of inhibitions. Incidentally, it contrasts the lives of two young girls, of whom one wanted to live dangerously but did not know how to begin (she found out), and the other "damn nearly was a nun" but discovered she "hadn't really got a vocation," ran away with a man who drove a lorry, deserted him for a sailor, and eventually became Sebastian's mistress.

These people move through a colorful range of experiences, from the palaces and slums of Venice, over the mountains of the Italian Tyrol (where their adventures with a donkey, a marionette theatre, and some Fascists are vastly amusing), to a drab but hectic London, where a ballet is written in despair, a lady is seduced, and a child succumbs to poverty. The tempo throughout shifts incorrigibly from grave to gay and back again, not always, one feels, in consonance with the themes. Especially toward the end of the book, where certain rather serious discords are to be resolved, an opera bouffe irrelevancy jars upon the sympathetic listener. In "The Constant Nymph," however preposterous the behavior of the Sangers, one never doubted their existence. Here a tendency to burlesque sometimes shatters the best intentioned will-to-believe. Indeed in the final chapters, where a light landing in a parachute might have saved some vestiges of verisimilitude, the plot goes into a tail-spin.

Yet the book at its best is so fresh, original, and entertaining, and at its worst so much better written and constructed than the average novel, that one can conscientiously recommend it to all who would know more of Sanger's children, to all who did not meet them in the earlier tale and are willing to forgive the author for not performing the same miracle twice, and finally to all those who are not looking for more serious fare and who, like Mr. Walpole, are tired of the type of novel that depicts "a diseased young man in love with his sister and about to commit suicide."

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Argentine Tales

TALES FROM THE ARGENTINE. Edited by WALDO FRANK. Translated by ANITA BRENNER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE short story in translation is likely to be a little less nourishing for the foreigner than the novel, in which more space may be given to building up the warmth and flavor of the unfamiliar scene. Such a novel as the Brazilian "Chanaan," for example, of a generation or so ago, dripping with the lush color of the tropical jungle, might well "mean more" to the average North American than most of these short stories, in which, in the nature of things, so much is left out and taken for granted. One or two, however, the "Rosaura," for example, of Ricardo Güiraldes, author of that splendid gaucho novel, "Don Segundo Sombra," are "universal" in their appeal and understandable anywhere. Rosaura is a small-town girl who falls in love with the handsome stranger from the metropolis. The town is the little pampa station of Lobos, where nothing happens, and "an indifferent boredom drifts through its quiet streets." The town girls go down to the station to meet the Buenos Aires express—just as they do in hundreds of our own prairie towns—and out of that comes Rosaura's romance and her tragedy. Stories with this setting and on this theme have been written in all languages, and that of Güiraldes can take its place with any of them. According to Mr. Frank, " 'Rosaura' is, above all, an 'experiment in prose,' the life of the pampa, its amazing counterpoint of delicacy and potency, is revealed through a design of words and of word rhythm." It is rather too much to expect that the foreign reader will get much of this counterpoint in an English translation, however excellent, but the human story itself, with its pathos and poetry, are there for all to read.

Similarly understandable, although set in a quite different, sardonic, key, is Roberto J. Payró's "Laucha's Marriage"—the story of how a good-for-nothing gaucho married and bled a kind-hearted and lonesome widow who ran a little ranch on her own out in the empty pampa. Anybody can "get" this well enough, and yet one suspects that something of the man's flavor, especially on his more sympathetic side, must be lost in translation. Imagine, for instance, how difficult it would be to turn some of our own slangy cowboy stories into French—how little would survive, warm and amusing as they might be to readers breathing the same air as that of the author and his characters.

Sarmiento, Argentina's one-time president and great educator; Lucio V. Lopez, Horacio Quiroga, Leopoldo Lugones, are others of the authors included. Mr. Frank explains that he might quite as well have prepared several volumes with tales just as representative. The translations, by Anita Brenner, are lively and seemingly accurate. And Mordecai Gorelik's droll line drawings really add to the stories themselves. Other translations, both of short and of longer stories, are promised—a happy idea for everybody concerned.

The First Day of Spring*

THE WATER OUSELS. I

DRIPPLE and splash and murmur of water running so clear among the rocks lured me to rest on the green sward by a little fall. A child could step over the stream, which was scarcely half a mile from its source on the northern slope of Dunkery. Beautiful it was in the sunlit solitude of the valley, by the oaks and ash trees with their warm boles and branches and guarded buds, to lean over the pool and drink the bright water, to lift and loosen through my fingers the scoured gravel of its bed, to see the green dripping mosses so near my cheek, to watch the bubbles rise and slide away from the tail of the fall.

And lying there, with the sun on my back, and looking at the broken glitters on the stream through eyelashes closed to shear the dazzle, all conscious thought slowly lapsed from my mind, and the song of water-and-stones flowed through my being. The sun was broken into many glittering birds beating their wings in the water, and the stream sang and sang, until all my mind was a rill of music.

For how long I lay thus I do not know, but as I listened dreamily to the water-song, it seemed to arise from the rocks and the mosses of the moor and to run faint in the sky; and to come to earth again, suddenly sharpened and sweetened. The mist of water-dream moved from me, and the lovely change rang loud in my ears.

My mind was now alert, but I lay still as the green-swarded rock under me. The song ceased, and I heard, above the water-sounds, a noise like a pebble striking a shillet. Then over the glitter of ripples I saw the beat of short black wings, and a bird alighted on a rock eighteen inches away from my eyes. The black toes of its fragile feet were lapped by the fall-shaken waters. By the snow-whiteness of its chin and throat and breast I knew the water ousel, or dipper.

The bird jerked its short tail, and flew a yard up the stream. It sang as it walked down a sloping rock into the water, and when it had gone under I lifted my head. My face was just above the pool, and I saw a blurred, pied image moving into view. It became a diminished dipper, walking on the stones of the bed, which it grasped with its feet. It stopped, and turned over a stone, taking a caddis-grub, stuck around with a shell of gravel, in its beak. The beak was lifted, and the dipper saw me through ten inches of water.

It turned, and flew through the water. I jumped to my feet and watched it oaring itself with its wings; and then a whiteness gleamed in the midst of broken water, and the dipper flew up. Drops thrown from its wings flashed in sunlight. *Jitt!* it cried, speeding up the valley in sturdy flight, and following the way of the water. *Jitt!* another cry by my feet, as a second bird flew past with a drumming of wings.

Stepping over the stream, I knelt on the bank, and peered at the moss that hung, glimmering with drops, beside the fall. The height of the overhanging rock from the water to the swarded bank was little more than a foot, and I scanned it, inch by inch, until I saw what might have been the opening of the nest. Stepping back again, I lay down and craned my head, while drops jetted from under the fall splashed my cheeks. Gently putting a finger into the wet moss, I felt a single egg, warm from the laying. I drew it out slowly, in dread lest it be crushed between fingers which had lost the sensitive touch of boyhood; but it came safely to the palm of my hand, and rested there a moment, a delicate and unspotted white, before rolling back into its nest-lining of dry oak-leaves—a nest cunningly founded and hidden, for it was impossible to determine the woven from the growing moss.

Water ousels haunt all the rocky streams running off the moor, and in spring nearly every culvert by which the lanes cross the waters of the valleys has its beard of moss hanging from a stone-space or a ledge under. I have a happy memory of such a nest just above Luckwell bridge, in Somerset, in May 1925. The old stone culvert was about to be pulled down for a new bridge of iron and concrete, to bear the heavy motor coaches of the holiday season. The young dippers were yet half-fledged; one yellow maw had poked out, and tried to swallow my finger, when I lifted the loose moss-strands in the opening. The road-menders told me that any day orders might come from the District Council to begin the work; and I said that I supposed when that happened, the nestlings would be crushed or drowned? 'No,' said the old man I spoke to, as though it might be of a matter as usual as the taking off of his coat before beginning work, 'they birds be God a'Mighty's cocks and hens, and us'll put the li'l birdies where th'ould birds med feed them.'

Day after day I passed by the culvert, but the ferns on the parapet, the hazels and brambles on the banks by the arch stood as before, and no work was begun. A fortnight later, as I was wading to the nest, a young speckled dipper fluttered out with a sharp cry, and dived into the water; and as I was staring at the ringed splash, another flew out with a cry, and vanished in a splash. *Jitt! Jitt!* the parent birds were standing on rocks ten yards away; and hearing them calling, the three remaining fledglings fluttered down into the water.

God a'Mighty's cocks and hens! The dipper sips song from the stones and the water, and for me the words of an old man in Somerset make it the more beautiful.

THE PEREGRINE FALCONS. II

ONE of the South Side ravens watched me from a jut of rock as I lay on the lip of the precipice, breathing the wild thyme of the sward. While I lay there in the sun two peregrines flew swiftly over the cliffs, stooping upon each other in play. I could hear the buffets of their wings as they touched in the air, crying the shrill spring chatter of joy, falling as though with wings wrapped round one another. The female was a third as big as the tiercel, or male. I hoped to see them fall upon one of the gulls which were flying in the hollow of the cliffs, but they ignored them. Sometimes a gull left the floating, wailing throng and pursued a falcon: the sharp black wings flickered, and the gull was easily out-distanced.

The stoop, or dive, of the falcon is magnificent. He shuts his wings and dives head first at so steep an angle that it appears to be a perpendicular drop. It is not a swooping down, but a drop of a bundle of sinew, muscle, bone, and feathers compressed between the barb of wings, directed by fearless power concentrated in one terrible thing—the intentness of the eye.

The shags on the rock below, holding out their umbrella-segment wings to dry, watched them with anxious jerks of their thin black heads.

After their play the falcons rose on the wind until they were six hundred feet above me, "waiting on their pitches," in the term of falconry. They remained still in the wind. The wings were bent back, sharp and dark, the head blunt, the tail thick, short, and stocky. Whereas the windhover, or kestrel, can remain still in a favorable wind by constant delicate shifting in its leaning, the peregrine appeared to cut its hover, as it were, by suppressed force.

A little finch or pipit came fluttering in from the sea, a frail-looking thing of flight, fluttering to reach the land after its rough journey in the wind. Had it come from Lundy, or Ireland? One of the falcons tipped up, flickered blackly, *swished* down, and curved up again as though it controlled the force of gravity. The small bird struggled on, and the larger falcon stooped. She too missed. Her speed carried her, like the tiercel, almost into the waves; she swooped up without a wing-beat, and within a few seconds two black stars were motionless on their pitches again, six hundred feet above my head. I waited in dread for the struggling pipit, but after the first colossal dives they ignored it, and it fluttered to the cliff-face, and crouched on a green hummock of sea-thrift near me, its beak open as it panted.

The wind blew up the cliff, shaking old heads of sea-thrift; the pipit began to preen its wing feathers; the black stars, with never a flicker, turned down the wind and slid across the sky and out of sight along the North Side. The shags on their white rock below seemed easier; a general preening of neck-feathers began, shaking of tails and flapping of wings. A bird squatting on a higher pinnacle, apart from the others, continued to cock an anxious eye at the sky. The raven sat still and huddled on his scaur; the lower part of his body was hidden by rock, but his eye saw all that moved. One of the shags jumped off into the wind, swung round, and beat its big black wings steadily over the sea, just above the troughs of the waves. Another launched itself into the wind, flying towards Cryde Bay, followed by a third and a fourth, while a strange cormorant appeared flying down the wind to the rock; it slowed into the wind, alighted on a perch just quitted, and opened its wings. Its head seemed rather large, and looking through my glass I saw that it had caught a flatfish, which it could not swallow. It opened its wings and gulped, half ejected the fish, and gulped again; then settled down with the tail sticking out, waiting until there was more space in its crop.

On the sward lie many small white feathers of gulls and, among the broken hummocks of the sea-thrift, which cover the headland with pink, wind-trembling flowers in May, are fragments of blue shells, crab-claws bleached white, fish bones, and sometimes a rabbit bone, thrown out of the crops of the gulls which rest here when no human figures move into the sky above their green slopes.

HENRY WILLIAMSON.

* The following sketches, by Henry Williamson, author of "Tarka the Otter" and "The Pathway," will appear in "The Village Book," shortly to be issued by E. P. Dutton & Company.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe: XIII

AND little Essex Street, which runs off the Strand just below St. Clement Dane's, is also a logical footpath toward the Elizabethan age. I am no antiquarian, but I suppose in my vague way that little or nothing remains of Essex Street as the Queen's young sandy-haired Robin Devereux knew it. Even the old water-gate at the foot of the way, round which buzzed poor Essex's foolish and fatal treason, has probably been rebuilt since the Fire of 1666. But perhaps not; perhaps down those very stairs, Mistletoe liked to imagine, passed the Earl's messenger crossing over to Southwark to ask the players at the Globe to revive *Richard II* for one performance only, for political reasons. They did so; it was the one time Shakespeare might well have got into serious trouble. The bells of St. Clement's—the most famous in the world, for it was they that young Falstaff and Shallow heard at midnight—are also of later tuning. And Essex Street's antique air has been broken by some rather insistently modern architecture. The great house of the Essexes is gone, of course, and I remember no token of the Essex Head tavern where Dr. Johnson's last club used to gather. ("Every member present shall spend at least sixpence; one penny shall be left by each member for the waiter.") But it is equally important to me that Essex is the street of E. V. and F. V. and M. K. and the bright scarlet windows of the *Week-End Review*. There is plenty of ancientry handy by if they hanker for it. Towards lunch time it is Essex Street's fancy to pass through the little side alley into Devereux Court. The Devereux Arms is still there, with the bust of the first Earl over the door. It was once known as the Grecian; the learned items in the *Tatler* were dated thence, and I hope it was from that same little pewter bar that Dick Steele wrote some of those ingratiating notes to Prue explaining why he could not get home for dinner.

There is magic yet on Essex Street. Mistletoe was startled as he went down the slope. From the alley that runs off on the right sped a moving flash of gray, darting in silent flicker close past his face. For one surprised instant he thought it was an arrow, or even a ghost from the sixteenth century. Then the shadowy missile teetered pecking on the roadway and showed itself pigeon. One of Essex Street's burly cats, lounging against the wall, shrugged its elbows.

* * *

At the very bottom of the street you can sometimes see Lagonda herself, waiting. Where is she going this long sunset? Perhaps to B. Pollock's in Hoxton, "Juvenile Theatrical Print Publisher," where good old Mr. Pollock is still there in the famous home of Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured and remembers his visit from Robert Louis Stevenson. Perhaps Lagonda is bound for the highwaymen's pub at Putney—passing on the way that laundry with the name that gives the American visitor a twinge: Loud and Western, Inc. That is the inn where the footpads had their drink while waiting for wealthy travelers crossing Putney Heath; it is also where the elderly Swinburne was allowed his one daily beer when he lived under tutelage at Number 2, The Pines. Or perhaps it is Streatham this evening, with a notion to see the grave of Mr. Thrale the brewer. But by stopping at Streatham's excellent White Lion for a "gin-and-French" (London's sadly tepid substitute for a Martini) she was too late and the churchyard was locked. But Mr. Thrale would forgive her. Or it might be old Temple Bar, sequestered these fifty years in the woods of Theobalds in Hertfordshire. The most thrilling way to find that massive relic is to come upon it at night in the dark avenue of trees. Lagonda turns to face it, switches on her searchlight, and like a spectre London of the 18th century is evoked before you. A dead world comes pouring through those pale arches.

Still once more, it might be Clerkenwell, to see Sekforde Street, named for Sir Thomas Sekforde, a Tudor stalwart to whose memory Mistletoe owes piety. At the corner of Woodbridge and Sekforde Streets is the Sekforde Arms, a modest pub, which belies its name by not showing the escutcheon. Sir Thomas was an energetic spirit. He engaged (we are told) in smuggling, piracy and miscellaneous frauds, condoned because he advanced much money to the great Queen. He was high in her justiciary, this Suffolk squire, but uncourtly in habit; when Elizabeth complained that his boots smelled of the byre he retorted "Madam, it is the smell of the parchment of unpaid bills." She understood perfectly and did not take it amiss. The almshouses and grammar school Sekforde endowed in Woodbridge, just before the Armada, were typical Tudor foundations; at just such another country school Shakespeare got his hornbook in Stratford. One of the shrewd old fellow's ordinances for his almshouse showed his lively cunning in human nature. The inmates were to be fined twopence for swearing—but only after three months' residence. Old people naturally take their transfer to a house of charity with some crotchets and quavers; so he allowed them ninety days of cursing to get used to it.

A little further down Sekforde Street is the "Cripplegate," a home for crippled girls. The name sounds a little cruel somehow, but the girls themselves seem in happy spirits. A group of them came laughing out of the building, one stumping gaily on a wooden leg. They smiled cheerily at Lagonda. One very small damsel of the neighborhood, whose cockney was too strong to be readily understood, explained the surprising silvery fabric of her garment. It was cut down from her sister's wedding dress. Across the street was the Watercress and Flower-Girls' Christian Mission. It needs long training in Englishry to appreciate the importance of watercress. When Lord Bacon's old house at St. Albans was put on sale lately, one of the advantages urged by the "estate agent" was "Magnificent beds of watercress." The English used to munch watercress for breakfast before they learned about grapefruit. Certainly Bacon's essays are flavored with its clean sharpness.

* * *

Mistletoe harped a good deal on Sir Thomas Sekforde. I try to abbreviate him on this topic, but he insisted that it was all germane to his purview of Shakespeare. Woodbridge in Suffolk, where Sekforde had his country home and where he is buried, might just as well have been another Stratford, he said, "but thank God it isn't. It hasn't been spoiled. That's the kind of place Stratford was before the rotary clubs got after it. And think of the difference in the bathing." He made me look over a reprint of the Woodbridge churchwardens' accounts which gives an inkling of some social problems of the Tudors and Stuarts. I found he had marked these items:

		s.	d.
1595—	Paid for a Common Prayer Book	6	0
	Goodinge the smith for scouring the town corselets	2	8
1596—	Making a place upon the Pillarie for the witches to stand on		3
	1 gal. of wine when the Attorney came to Town	2	0
1600—	Paid for an hour glass for pulpit	1	2
	For wine and sugar when Mr. Grunndie preached	3	4
	Paid to Grosse woman that came, to depart the town	5	0
1606—	Mending of the stocks		2
	To a Thatcher for a day's work	1	10
	A poor man that had great losses by sea		6
1607—	For the keeping of the Potsworker's daughter's bastard	2	4
1612—	Paid to the constables for digging up of Leicester's wife	10	0
	Sheet for Widow Clarke, and laying her forth	9	6
	For bringing of the poor body to church		6
	To two Grecians brought to my house	1	0
1625—	16 Leathern Fire Buckets £2	0	6
1626—	To Ffosdicke for taking him out of his grave		6
1627—	My diet when I went to London for 18 days £1	16	0
	Given to the Irish soldiers to send them out of the Town £2	0	0
1633—	Meeting at the *Crowne* about the almshouses, for beer and sugar	3	8

The Crown inn is still there, and it is a pleasure to Mistletoe to remember that his grandfather used to play bowls on its quiet bowling green, as also on the rival turf of the *Sun*.

* * *

But we come back to Essex Street. There was one specially vivid morning, a blue but uncertain weather with great rafts of a cloud steering above from W. to E. The papers were full of the news that a princess had been born in the night, and at Glamis too—another reminder of Shakespeare. How else would one ever have learned the right Scottish pronunciation of that castle, which apparently is a monosyllable—GLAMS, GLAAMS, or GLAUMS. Highbrow London editors were inclined to be a bit superior about the homely Scots phrase of the attending physicians' dispatch, that the royal baby was "doing fine." But surely it was too humane a morning to haggle over niceties of diction. In one of those rare advantages of idling he was carried along in the great flow of London's living. On Essex Street the little tricycle of Henry J. Glaisher, bookseller, with its box-front for transport of goods, was waiting outside Methuen's while the messenger was inside collecting his orders. It was a day for aspiration: one hoped that Henry J. Glaisher, of Wigmore Street, was buying good books—perhaps some of those steady sellers of Mr. Lucas—and disposing of them rapidly. Wigmore Street . . . yes; that was where the Young Man with the Cream Tarts settled down and became ("says our Arabian author") a comfortable householder. So do the phantom of fiction nudge one. In the noonday sunshine two musicians with a piano on wheels and a fiddle had taken their pitch at the top of Essex Street, which still glistened underfoot from a sudden sprinkle. The pianist, an elderly fellow with alert hands, was busy upon some current madrigal. The gay and yet subtly grievous tune tinkled and yammered down the bright little roadway. AN OLD PRO, said a card on the piano. Across the street stood a man in a raincoat, with waxed and pointed mustaches, smoking a pipe and pensively watching a pigeon on the pavement. Apparently he was paying no heed to the music, but you could see it working in him, sensibility germinating towards act. Sure enough, soon he came over and dropped some coppers in the box. We shall all be Old Pros presently. Just above this eddy of tune and pause the great mellay of the Strand was pouring by. In those moments of intuition London's very stones and mortar seem sentient, stained with the pathos of life; her smile-and-weeping weather a necessity of her truth.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Over the Madeira

THE END OF THE WORLD. By GEOFFREY DENNIS. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS is a curious book, suggestive of talk in a speakeasy—good talk over a bottle of Madeira, if Madeira in a speakeasy were imaginable. Mr. Dennis discusses the various theories of the destiny of this planet and its human residents—how it may end, when it may end; whether man will die first and leave an empty globe spinning on, or—just possibly—a race of supermen may desert a dying world and migrate to some more attractive planet. The charm of the book lies not in its matter, though Mr. Dennis displays a wide erudition, but in the style—rhythmical and melodious, as rich as a fruit cake; and like a fruit cake it sits better if you take it in small bits at a time.

Mr. Dennis discusses, not too seriously, all the eschatological myths of religion and science, balancing the arguments pro and contra with little attempt at assessment or criticism, and coming quite naturally to the inferential conclusion that nobody knows much about it. From that, also naturally, he proceeds to a final chapter of speculation on the essential character and the destiny of the universe; and this inevitably leads him into the bottomless bog of the theory of knowledge. He finishes—again, not too seriously—in pure idealism; "the Universe is a dream, there is no universe." But if you are going to pursue such speculations at all, you might as well pursue them to the logical end. Mr. Dennis stops one step short of it. *Cogito ergo sum* is a doctrine long ago exploded; the author has no reason other than mere prejudiced preference to believe that he himself exists, and how can a being uncertain of his own existence have a valid opinion as to the existence or non-existence of the universe? Speakeasy talk, good but evanescent.

The hundredth anniversary of William Hazlitt's death is signalized by publication of the first three volumes of the first complete edition of his works to appear. Seventy years after his death Dent issued the so-called "Complete works," which however, were anything but complete. That edition is exceedingly difficult to obtain and brings a fabulous price. The present one is based upon it.

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HARRY SCHERMAN
Book-of-the-Month Club News

"IT is a better novel than THE BRIMMING CUP; it is one of her major works. If the reader studies it with unflagging attention, he will be rewarded by many observations of human life and character, and by an acquaintance with real people. I do not remember seeing elsewhere a description of 'the deepening stream' of the individual's experience after marriage. It really is a book that 'every young woman ought to read.' She would learn many things to her advantage."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Saturday Review

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The Outlook

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Books of the Fall. II

By AMY LOVEMAN

IT'S most disconcerting to have an adage unexpectedly take on pertinence. There's that old saying, for instance, as to the wisdom of making haste slowly. We've suddenly discovered to our dismay how much truth inheres in its assumption. For what did we do, last week, in our anxiety to speed through our list of books, but ascribe the authorship of "Lone Cowboy" to James Boyd instead of to Will James, when, if we had taken time to write more slowly, or to read over what we had written instead of sending it hot from the typewriter to the printer, we'd certainly have recognized and corrected our error before we felt obliged to do so publicly. Well, we see no way to remedy our mistake now except by stating in caps—as the jargon of the composing room has it—that "LONE COWBOY" is by WILL JAMES. We'll say it over again for good measure: "LONE COWBOY" is by WILL JAMES, not by James Boyd. There! "A sin confessed is half redressed," to fall back again upon an adage.

At any rate, we've succeeded in leading up to the subject of biography, which we had by no means finished with when we concluded our last instalment. Like charity, it begins at home, with the lives of American worthies—as, for example, with the study of American diplomacy which Allan Nevins presents in "Henry White" (Harpers). Yes, we know our English is bad, that we're putting the cart before the horse, and should have mentioned Henry White before we did his diplomacy, but let it stand. And let us interpolate, too, before we go back to our compatriots, that there's a fascinating life of an English diplomat which has recently been published, Harold Nicolson's biography of his father entitled "The Portrait of a Diplomatist" (Houghton Mifflin), and that there is to be a life of "England's Greatest Statesman" (Bobbs-Merrill), as its author, E. Keble Chesterton, calls William Pitt.

Now that our interpolation is over, we return to the volumes on American personalities. There's a book by William A. Robinson on Thomas B. Reed (Dodd, Mead), a parliamentarian not so remote but that those in their middle years can remember the tremendous influence he exerted in the House of Representatives; Thomas B. Frothingham's "Washington, Commander in Chief" (Houghton Mifflin), Emerson Taylor's "Paul Revere" (Dodd, Mead), and Captain J. W. Thomason's "Jeb Stuart" (Scribners). Captain Thomason took a grateful subject for a military man in the Confederate cavalry general, for if ever there was a personality around whom glamour clung, it was that of "dashing Jeb Stuart." Indeed, our feeling as we read was that if military heroes are to wear so romantic an aspect in biography it's going to be hard to retire them to the background in real life. And we noticed, too, that General Jackson (or was it Lee?) at the Battle of Fredericksburg, which is described with full stress on its dramatic incidents, rejoiced, if so anomalous a word can be used in this connection, that war was sufficiently horrible to offset its valiant aspects. "It's well," he said, or words to that effect, as he watched the Northern troops advancing from the Rappahannock, "that war is so terrible, or else we should all be in love with its beauty."

But we stray from our subject, and we have this time too little leeway in the space at our disposal to do other than attend strictly to business. To resume: There is a biography—in fact, there is a brace of biographies in each case—of Daniel Webster, of Jefferson Davis, and of William Howard Taft. Webster is portrayed by Claude Fuess in a two-volume work (Little, Brown) and in Samuel Hopkins Adams's "The Godlike Daniel" (Sears), while Jefferson Davis is bodied forth in Robert W. Winston's "High Stakes and Hair Trigger" (Holt) and in Elisabeth Cutting's "Jefferson Davis—Political Soldier" (Dodd, Mead). Of Taft, Herbert S. Duffy has a careful study (Minton, Balch), and the former President forms the principal figure of the "Intimate Letters of Archie Butt" (Doubleday, Doran), which, published under the title "Taft to Roosevelt," continues the flavorsome personal comment of the ill-fated and much-loved aide of both Presidents.

So far most of the biographies we have noted have been those of participants in public life. If, however, your interest lies rather in the arts than in politics there is still plenty of grist for your mill. You can choose your reading, for instance, from among the following volumes: Willem Van Loon's "R. V. R." (Liveright), a life of Rembrandt; two lives of Whistler, one from the angle of a friend, by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell (Lippincott), the other (Cosmopolitan), a more detached study, by James Laver; Cecilia Beaux's "Background with Figures" (Houghton Mifflin); Doris Arthur James's biography of her father, Henry Arthur Jones (and now, of course, we have reached the theatre), entitled "Taking the Curtain Call" (Macmillan), and Gordon Craig's tribute to Henry Irving (Longmans, Green). Or, if it's music you prefer, there's the Count de Moulin-Eckart's "Cosima Wagner" (Knopf), in two volumes, and Rutland Boughton's "Bach the Master" (Harpers).

We are simply appalled. Our list stretches seemingly interminably before us (we boiled it down to what we thought was its very essence before we began to write) and space grows less and less. We'll take heroic measures and dispatch the rest of our category of biography with absolutely commentless enumeration. Now for a list of titles: "Contemporary Immortals" (Appleton), by Archibald Henderson; "A Friend of Shelley" (Appleton), by H. J. Massingham (one guess only—of course it's Trelawny. And now we've already broken through our resolution); "The Passionate Rebel" (that's Byron), by Kasimir Edschmid (Boni); "Voltaire" (Boni), by Georg Brandes; "Five Masters" (Cape-Smith), by Joseph Wood Krutch; "Roadside Meetings" (Macmillan), by Hamlin Garland; "Life of Gerard Manley Hopkins" (Oxford), by J. F. Lahey; "Three Virgins of Haworth" (the Brontes, of course), by Emilie and Georges Romier (Dutton); "The Life of Robert Burns" (Harcourt, Brace), by Catherine Carswell; "Leigh Hunt and His Circle" (Harpers), by Edmund Blunden; "English Biography before 1700" (a biography of biography, as it were), by Donald A. Stauffer (Harvard); "The Private Letter Book of Sir Walter Scott" (Stokes), edited by Wilfred Partington; "Swift" (Viking), by Carl Van Doren; "Mrs. Sigourney" (Yale), by Gordon S. Haight; "Fitz-Greene Halleck" (Yale), by Nelson F. Adkins; "Letters of James Whitcomb Riley" (Bobbs-Merrill); "Pepys: His Life and Character" (Doubleday, Doran), by John Drinkwater; "The Letters of John Fiske" (Macmillan), edited by Ethel F. Fiske; "Dostoievsky's Letters to His Wife" (Smith), and, last but not least, "The Letters of Henry Adams" (Houghton Mifflin), and the long-awaited life of Charles W. Eliot by Henry James (Houghton Mifflin).

Heavens! We nearly forgot in our concentration on more or less literary personages to mention Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" (of course, he's a literary man, too) which Coward-McCann has brought out and which is a fine book with some supremely good writing in it; "Memories and Vagaries" (Dutton), by Axel Munthe, whose deservedly popular "The Story of San Michele" has just been brought out in a new printing; "Morgan the Magnificent" (Vanguard), by John K. Winkler; "The Education of a Princess" (Viking), by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia; "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (Viking), by Major F. Yeats-Brown, a striking and interesting book, and Fred D. Pasley's "Al Capone" (Washburn). Oh, yes, and there's a life of Lucy Stone, by Alice Stone Blackwell, which Little, Brown is bringing out.

That's farewell to biography—that last paragraph. Now we'll pick up the stitches we dropped in weaving through the history list before. We're out for brevity, however, so we'll cut to the bone, and keep you on as short rations at that as we can. (We shudder as we look back at our last sentences with the stitches suddenly converting themselves into something carvable, but since necessity knows no law we dash on.) No matter how brief we try to make our list we must extend it enough to include mention of George Macaulay Trevelyan's "England under Queen Anne: Blenheim" (Longmans, Green), the first volume in what is to be a comprehensive work on the period; the new edition of Rachel Annand Taylor's study, "Invitation to Renaissance Italy" (Harpers); Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's "The Real War" (Little, Brown), which is our own World War, of course; Bernadotte E. Schmitt's "The Coming of the War: 1914" (Macmillan); "Origins of the World War" (Macmillan), by Sidney B. Fay; M. P. Pokrovsky's "History of Russia" (International), Edouard Herriot's "Europe" (Viking), an examination into international conditions, and Louis Fischer's "The Soviets in World Affairs" (Cape-Smith).

Before we leave the field of international affairs we must make mention of a group

(*Continued on page 252*)

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Books of Special Interest

The Mind of Childhood

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD. By JEAN PIAGET. Translated by JOAN and ANDREW TOMLINSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $4.

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF PHYSICAL CAUSALITY. By JEAN PIAGET. Translated by MARJORIE GABAIN. The same. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

THESE two closely related volumes deal with the matter and substance of child thought. They were preceded by two volumes which dealt with the form and function of the child's thinking. Together, the four volumes constitute the first comprehensive and systematic survey of the psychology of child logic. In his extensive task, Piaget has had the assistance of some twenty-five collaborators associated with him at the Institut Rousseau, Geneva, of which he is director. Six hundred children between the ages of four and twelve were clinically conversed with at great length to furnish the data for a genetic interpretation of the thought processes and thought content of childhood. In the concluding section of the last volume ("The Child's Conception of Physical Causality") these data are marshalled in scholarly and revealing review. The reader who cannot undertake the long journey through the four volumes will, none the less, gain much from the concluding summary essay which leads into the very heart of the Problem of Knowledge, inquiring with brilliant analysis into the relations which exist between the mind of the child and the external world.

This problem, though dust dry on the surface, is well worth the pains which Piaget takes to penetrate it: for he approaches it not by the route of speculative epistemology, but by factual investigation, assembling hundreds of verbatim protocols of conversations with children. These conversations were elicited by a clinical method of question and answer, which combined the virtues of free and controlled observation. The method is discussed at length in the introduction of the volume on "The Child's Conception of the World."

The children were brought to talk about the sun, the moon, the sky, clouds, trees, mountains, lakes, and rivers; about the concept of life and even about thoughts and thinking. They were confronted with simple experiments which led to explanations of wind, breath, of the movement of clouds and heavenly bodies, of currents of water. Predictions and explanations were elicited with respect to the floating of boats, the phenomena of shadows, the mechanism of bicycles, steam engines, motors, etc.

A pebble was placed in a glass of water so as to make the level of the water rise. The younger children said that the water rises because the pebble is heavy; and all the older ones said that it rises because the pebble is big. Such replies were analyzed in detail for numerous situations to find evidences of realism, dynamism, animism, relativism, mystical, and magical modes of thought. The notion of reality was found to evolve from a naïve realism towards objectivity. The child replaces a primitive egocentric point of view for the point of view of others. Without the impact of social life he would never understand reciprocity of viewpoints. "He would never cease to believe that the sun follows him on his walks."

The evolution of the idea of causality follows much the same lines as those noted in the growth of the notion of reality. Piaget considers as many as seventeen types of causal relation in child thought, and we may enumerate them here, without comment, for their suggestiveness of the scope and detail of the author's analysis. These types range from precausality to a conceptual grasp of pure relations: motivation, finalism, phenomenistic causality, participation, magic causality; artificialist, animistic, and dynamic causality; reaction of the surrounding medium, mechanical causality, causality by generation, substantial identification, condensation and rarefaction, atomistic composition, spatial explanation, and explanation by logical deduction.

These notions of causality are discussed primarily from a psychological point of view; but incidentally Piaget makes allusion to the interesting correspondences between primitive and childish thinking. He also notes that the schema of the child's explanation of the movements of clouds, of the moon and projectiles, in terms of the surrounding medium, is identical with the schema of Aristotelian and medieval physics.

Although Piaget's exposition reflects the historic categories of epistemology, and betrays a tendency to hypostatize some of these categories, he shows also a determined effort to reduce his discussion to a biological basis. He makes an interesting excursion into philosophical biology, bringing the problem of knowledge into close relation with modern concepts of organism and environment, assimilation and imitation. He does not believe in *a priori* Kantian forms which are fixed and cannot be modified by experience; but in a plastic schema of assimilation which brings environment and organic structure into reciprocal interaction. Assimilation appears to him as the biological equivalent of judgment, and he approves Le Dantec's characterization of biology as the struggle between assimilation and imitation.

> Every fresh external influence exercised upon the organism or the mind presupposes two complementary processes. On the one hand, the organism adapts itself to the object which exercises this influence: in this way there is formed a sort of motor schema related to the new object. This is what we shall call, in a very wide sense, *imitation*. On the other hand, this adaptation implies that between the new movements and the old habits there is a certain continuity, *i. e.* that the new movements are partly incorporated into already existing schemas. This incorporation we shall call *assimilation*.

The clarification of the problem of assimilation apparently intrigues Piaget as the next step in the study of the child's mentality. He recognizes that there is much that remains obscure in the concept of assimilation; and rightly, it seems to us, he suggests that the mechanism of the process of assimilation must be investigated in the preverbal stage of child development. The psychic life of the speaking child is anticipated in infancy. The infant, too, has his logic! We shall look forward with interest to the extension of Professor Piaget's researches into the pre-intellectual zone.

Meanwhile, his published researches have proved a stimulus to investigation in a hitherto somewhat neglected field. In spite of its apparent academic reconditeness and its superficial trivialities, a clearer knowledge of the child's thinking processes will inevitably throw light upon the thought of primitive peoples, upon the meaning and the history of science, and upon many social phenomena. Furthermore, there are profound moral implications, if Piaget is right in saying that moral obligation forms part of the very structure of the child's mind, and that the child's concept of nature is based simply on an analogy with family life.

Finally, an objective interpretation of the child's thinking will enable the adult to understand his own limitations and lapses somewhat more clearly. And infantilism in adult thinking may even be brought under better control. For although the child has his own logic, it is not unshared by the adult.

Burke and His Doctrine

EDMUND BURKE and the Revolt against the Eighteenth Century. By ALFRED COBBAN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

MANY European thinkers are joining the American humanists in questioning a rationalistic naturalism addicted to a Utopian future tense; concurrently, these thinkers are reëxamining with sympathy the thought of those in the past who insisted on basing conduct upon an inductive study of the actual recorded experience of man in relation to society. An interesting example of this trend is this "Study of the Political and Social Thinking of Burke, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey" by Professor Cobban of the English University of Durham. "What is wrong with European thought as a whole," he asserts, "is that it has just attained to the phase of certain thinkers achieved in the eighteenth century and finds that repentant and purgative beyond its liking." If these "wildest delusions" of the rationalists and Utopians underlie the "armed and errant democracy of new Europe," if these are "ideas with which the twentieth century is rapidly becoming dissatisfied," Mr. Cobban would remind us that Burke and the eventually conservative Lake Poets left work which "remains of permanent value as a constructive criticism of ideas which still direct the course of civilization."

After a reader has suffered at the hands of those modern "creative" biographers and critics who pride themselves upon bringing their subjects to life (which usually means resurrecting the chaos of meaningless de-

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tails which obscured the essential pattern of their thought), it is a pleasure to encounter a study which is at once orderly, dignified, discriminating, judicial, and well-documented. Mr. Cobban has winnowed the wheat from the chaff; unlike two recent critics, he manages to refrain from burdening us with dissertations on the state of the weather on the night of his subject's inception or with his researches concerning his subject's eccentricities in regard to eating apple pie for breakfast!

❧ ❧

True, one might cavil about a few minor points. The reviewer cannot agree that "deism is of little importance"; indeed, one might say that Mr. Cobban tends to slight rather seriously the way in which the deistic faith that man is naturally good helped to make political thinkers impatient with the restraints which men such as Burke found essential to control natural selfishness for the common welfare. In the "introduction to the system of thought that prevailed in the eighteenth century" one misses an exposition of Richard Hooker's seminal doctrines, especially since in several respects he has more in common with the super-rationalist Burke than has the rationalist Locke. (Professor Gayley, by the way, has shown in "Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America" that Richard Hooker's doctrines directly motivated early Virginia liberalism, a fact often overlooked in the present stress on Locke as broadcast by the New England pulpit.) As compared with the solid merits of the book, however, these matters are trivial.

Mr. Cobban devotes himself mainly to an analysis of Burke's doctrine of nationality. His "most original contribution to political theory" is found to be his elucidation of the organic continuity of tradition, his modification of Locke's "contract" to mean a "great primeval contract of eternal society," a "partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." While the eighteenth century naturalistic rationalists harped on abstract natural rights, the omnipotence of reason, and man's natural benevolence, Burke insisted upon heredity as well as environment, upon government suited to human nature as revealed in actual experience, upon empiricism and expediency, upon a historic relativism. "Politics ought to be adjusted not to human reasonings, but to human nature; of which reason is but a part, and by no means the greatest part." Thus, as Mr. Cobban observes, "the appeal to human nature becomes an appeal to the facts, in other words, an appeal to the past," with the aim of accepting what has been most usefull in producing lasting happiness.

A true realist and empiricist, taught by experience that human nature is an inscrutable compound of such discordant elements as reason and prejudice, benevolence and selfishness, Burke distrusted theorists and those who would render ethics and politics scientific. "One sure symptom of an ill-conducted state," he wrote in the "Reflections on the French Revolution," is the propensity of the people to resort to theories." "The lines of morality are not like ideal lines of mathematics." In this pamphlet—"the greatest and most influential political pamphlet ever written"—Burke showed his greatest insight in predicting that unbalanced humanitarianism would lead to unbalanced imperialism: the answer to Rousseau was Napoleon. When man abolishes control, the will to service is insufficient to counterbalance the will to power.

❧ ❧

I have left no space to speak of Mr. Cobban's analyses, excellent in the main, of the manner in which the Lake Poets in their maturity adopted and furthered Burke's devotion to tradition and to the solidarity of medieval Christianity. I can only say that his work offers weighty support from a rather unexpected angle to the perhaps overdisparaged thesis of the late Professor H. A. Beers that the spirit of the Middle Ages lies at the heart of what is noblest in the earlier romantic poets. But whereas Mr. Beers tended to deal with matters of art, Mr. Cobban has dealt impressively with matters of political and social thought. Lest anyone confuse this thought with "doting on tradition," let us remember that Burke said "a disposition to preserve and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman."

Sinclair Lewis's novel "Babbitt," published in 1922, has only just appeared in a French version, although it has been translated into almost every other civilized tongue.

A copy of the second folio Shakespeare, printed in 1632, has been sold in London for £400.

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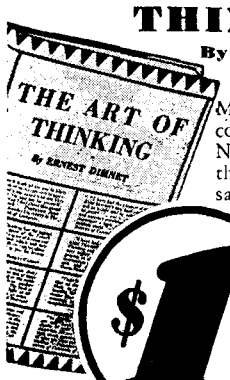

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Books of Special Interest

The Negro and His Future

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By CHARLES S. JOHNSON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $4.

BLACK MANHATTAN. By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPEER
Board of Foreign Missions

IT is safe to predict that a century hence the social historian will regard the upward movement of the Negro race in America as one of the most amazing racial achievements of which he has any record. These two books are contemporary documents illustrating that movement. They are of great interest to all who would understand it and who will be glad of reassurance regarding it. But so strong and so certain is the movement that other records will soon supplant these. Indeed volumes like these are written for that purpose and their aim is happily fulfilled in its realization.

The first is a rather encyclopedic survey of social conditions in the Negro population of the United States, dealing with migration, industry, agriculture, health, homes, education, crime, civil rights, etc. It presents the body of material gathered for the National Interracial Conference for the Study and Discussion of Race Problems in the United States in the light of Social Research, which was held in Washington, D. C., December 16-19, 1928. It is a mass of statistical facts and of competent testimony with regard to the present situation of the negro in his struggle for better things. No one can study the material fairly and not rise from it with new hope.

If there have been losses there have been vastly greater gains. Illiteracy has diminished from seventy per cent in 1880 to 22.9 per cent in 1920. The percentage of homes owned increased from 18.7 in 1890 to 23.3 in 1910. Farm homes owned alone increased during the same period from 22 per cent to 25.2. School attendance between the ages of five and twenty advanced from 1.7 per cent in 1830 to 9.2 in 1870, to 31.3 in 1900, to 54 in 1920. The expectation of life for the negro has increased about twelve years since 1900. In one of the largest insurance companies the death rate of negro policy holders declined from 17.5 per thousand in 1911 to 14 in 1927, a reduction in mortality of 20 per cent in sixteen years. In the same period for the same group the typhoid fever death rate fell from 46.2 per thousand to 8.2. If the negro crime rate has not fallen as might have been wished it may be noted that, while it is greater than the white, it is less than the rate among the Mexican, Italian, Austrian, French, or Canadian groups. And for the specific crime of rape, so constantly charged against the Negro, the rate of commitment is 1.8 per 100,000 or one-third the rate among the Italians in America and less than half the rate among the Mexicans.

It would be easy to multiply the evidence of Negro progress, culturally and economically. A huge racial transformation is taking place under our eyes. It is racial and yet it is also personal and individual and this aspect of the transformation must be kept in view. Race is after all an abstract generalization. The more concrete reality is the individual. What is desired is free play for him. There are individual negroes superior in ability and character to individual white people and no principle of race solidarity must be allowed to deprive society of the maximum contribution which each individual can make.

How to achieve this is our present problem. Generalized race claims on the part of negro or white may block our progress. To be sure, when generalized race prejudices and inequities exist and press on persons they will be met by generalized race protest. But as this volume indicates, in its account of the meliorating and constructive agencies, now at work, the path of progress lies in human relationships between persons, white and black together, working in personal trust and understanding at the common problem. An uneducated and unproductive Negro race means weakness and economic burden for the white race. A strong, free, competent Negro race means larger wealth and happiness for the whole nation. Until each race enjoys full justice and true liberty no race can be sure either of liberty or of justice.

This conviction was both a cause and a consequence of the Conference in Washington. As Miss Van Kleeck, the Chairman, writes:

> The interchange of cultural feeling and spiritual values on the part of persons whose intellectual equipment was similiar brought the members of the Conference to the feeling that a new stage had been reached in race relations in this country. In the next stage it will be more vividly realized that the task is not to be performed by a dominant race, however good its will and however philanthropic its spirit. It is a joint responsibility to work out on this continent something new in the history of the world.

"Black Manhattan" is a study of the Negro in New York City from the beginning of eleven Negroes in 1626 until today. In 1920 there were 115,197 Negro citizens in Manhattan alone and 160,585 in the whole city. The eleven in 1626 constituted five per cent of the population. The 160,585 in 1920 constituted three per cent. If the record of the experience of the Negro here has its dark aspect, it is at the same time full of light and hope, and the situation which has developed since the war with the Negro occupation of Harlem has brought such an opportunity for the race to prove itself and its powers, within the freedom of the city, as it has never possessed before in America. Indeed it has had no such opportunity ever anywhere, for the Negro in New York today is not the Negro of any earlier day or of any other land. His capacities both for evil and for good are his racial capacities influenced by the education and experience of his past, acting under the environment of modern civilization and in full possession of its instruments and resources.

Mr. James Weldon Johnson has set forth a notable record of achievements by the Negroes of New York City during the past hundred years. The darker side, the mass of ignorance and inefficiency, does not come prominently into his history. And the darker aspects of the present problems are not discussed. Sooner or later wise Negro leadership must deal with these, for the sake of the community and racial well-being and for the larger contribution of the Negro to our national health and power in the future. Above the contribution to the theatre and ministrelsy and sport, which take up most of Mr. Johnson's story, still larger contributions are to be made in supplement to these achievements in literature and music and art, which he does not overlook. In education and science and religion, of which he says little, the race has rich powers to serve not itself only but the nation.

It is this service which the Negro is rendering to social wealth and health, his positive contribution of good to our human life, which is steadily even though slowly creating a new set of attitudes. The white race cannot with any grace ask the Negro to be patient and let the new process take its own time. There have been too many injustices. But the Negro is himself and his character of dignity and tolerance and restraint is too good an asset to him and to mankind to be lost, and too great a force, in effecting the ultimate realization of racial rights and equities, to be broken down by impatience or violence. The nation needs what the Negro can give and the Negro needs what the nation can give. Both are giving richly now, and each will give more to the others' larger gift.

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M. Jean-Aubry, in writing an introduction to the volume of Joseph Conrad's French letters which he has just issued in Paris, says of Conrad that "he expressed himself (in French) with such a purity of phrase and of accent as to make many amongst us envious; he spoke without hesitation or affectation, with perfect naturalness, without faults of any kind save a rare Anglicism with a perfect French pronunciation."

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

THE most distinguished volume of poetry that has come to us recently is T. S. Eliot's "Ash Wednesday" (Putnam's), though it is a very brief series of flights. The second movement appeared originally in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. "Ash Wednesday" is another distillation of Eliot's despair mixed with a rather hopeless appeal for aid from the Christian religion. "Teach us to sit still," he reiterates. Let us give up, let us sit still. If that is the most modern and refined interpretation of how we should feel since once God so loved the world, we can only say that we violently disagree with it. In fact, even a superficial perusal of the New Testament will reveal a Christ who was ever a source of action. This other attitude smacks of a new Pharisaism. The Church, indeed, as it has developed, is not exempt from snobbery, a spiritual snobbery that we particularly detest. That the religion of Jesus Christ should ever be even faintly associated with this or with a dead-end philosophy is inconceivable. But the ascetics have always entirely misinterpreted him. Eliot is a modern anchorite. Also he strives with none, for none is worth his strife, partaking of Landor's high conceit of himself. But our old conception of a prophet from the desert was that the locusts and wild honey had played the office of a burning coal of fire upon the tongue. Revelation was spoken upon the prophets' return. There was no injunction to sit still. Quite the opposite. There was a wrathful summons to get up and do something.

Of course, Mr. Eliot and ourself differ so fundamentally in our attitude toward life, especially in our approach to the mystic, that, though we may deeply admire the strange, moving music and majestic sombreness of some of Mr. Eliot's verse, we cannot share at all his continuous vast disillusionment that approaches apathy. When we are feeling a particularly good health we feel like praising God, and usually do so. Also, we have encountered no little stark tragedy in the course of our life, but it has not led us to ask to be allowed to sit still. At that, we are not known as being notably active. No, as Mr. Dudley Fitts says, in a recent *Hound and Horn*, "What 'metaphysical measure' can relate. . . . Eliot and W. R. Benét" (among others included in Miss Taggard's "Circumference: Varieties of Metaphysical Verse"—and incidentally we had supposed that Miss Taggard's subtitle was intended to point out the fact that within *was* variety. The answer is, quite aside from other considerations, None at All. Which makes more remarkable the strong impress that the writing of T. S. Eliot leaves on our mind. We are leagues removed from his disciples, as we are from all the snobbish modern literary cliques, including the Proustian. We regard it as so-easy-that-it-is-not-worth-doing to write a parody of Eliot. But not one of the busy little boys who have gone around copying him has come anywhere near to him. For a man's soul, whatever it is worth, is his own single possession. It is one thing that no one else, save perhaps the Devil, can steal from him. What is left out of the imitations of Eliot is merely everything, because what is necessarily omitted is the evidence of the soul. He is one of few modern poets who truly present it.

We turn from Eliot's religious work to an illustrated edition of "Venus and Adonis," by the late William Shakespeare (Lincoln MacVeagh) with what we can only feel to be almost completely awful illustrations. The end-papers indeed well nigh reduce us to hysteria, though we rather like the cover design. Well, so here is William Shakespeare. He was, we understand, a poet. His narrative of the sultry Venus (who is no more represented by the slim white little girl of Mr. Ben Kutcher's flowery fancy than a volcano would be by the delineation of a Greek vase) and her entirely loth young man is a very clear, not to say plain, story. It is also richly sensuous, not to say sensual. It is entirely pagan. It is written in a regular verse-form, in the kind of verse indeed that has become anathema to the modern poet. It tells a story, a classic story, tells it extremely well in a full-blooded manner that bespeaks in every line a healthy delight in life and love. When Venus feigns fainting, Adonis even "wrings her nose" and "claps her pale cheek till clapping makes it red." Shakespeare was ever a plain speaker. We wonder what he would make of all the many nebulous intimations of everything save immortality in all the many books of verse of the day. For he liked to eat and drink and make love and write plainly. He makes his Venus a very real and mortal, though a consumingly ardent, woman. His Adonis speaks plainly enough to her:

For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

There is no possible probable shadow of doubt as to what each of the striving pair represents. Adonis delivers himself of his famous speech concerning the difference between Lust and Love. The issue is always clear-cut. Shakespeare was as "hearty" in his narrative as Chaucer. It is a method most alien to the coteries of today.

The Fountain Press has done a delicately beautiful limited signed edition of a few poems by Æ, the Irish poet now in this country. It is entitled "Enchantment and Other Poems." There is remarkable poetry here. What perfect Blake is such a verse as

When thy lovely sin has been
Wasted in a long despair,
World-forgetting, it may look
Upon thee with an angel air.

But "Evanescence," concerning the evanescence of spiritual beauty, is entirely Æ, and a far finer kind of poetry, incidentally, than the kind of poetry created in "Venus and Adonis." The statement "Its precious substance is unclutchable as fire" is poetry of the purest ray. The poem, "Blight," is a gem concerning love. And "The Things Seen" is almost terrifying in its spirituality.

The shadow drifted apart leaving the shadowless soul;
A high, winged, glittering, aery creature of the sky.
What had we known of it but a fugitive flash of wing?
We had been drowned in our shadows, you and I.

Our love was breathed upon phantom lips; shade wrought with shade.
Oh, beloved, it was not I, but the shadow, who cried
In bitterness, who stabbed. Oh, world, they were shadows, too,
Who bound their gods to the cross, and those that were crucified.

Æ is the type of poet who may be called a seer.

For some time the verse of Katherine Garrison Chapin has attracted our attention as it appeared in a number of periodicals. In "Outside the World" (Duffield) Miss Chapin (in private life Mrs. Francis Biddle) makes a good beginning as a poet. There are reminders of other poets occasionally, but such poems as the title poem, "Pain," also "The Lover," "Nancy Hanks," "The Honeymooners," "Heloise in Brittany," and "The Spell" speak with a direct sincerity that is clothed in fitting words. Miss Chapin is in no sense a brilliant poet, she is a quietly meditative one, but she gives evidence of much observation of life. She never startles and waylays with a phrase, but she relates actual experience and becomes, as we read her, a definite and interesting person, with a sound understanding of metrics.

Louise Burton Laidlaw, in "Wishing on a Comet" (Dodd, Mead) is an even younger newcomer to the ranks of American women poets. Her verse has freshness and vivacity. "The Dome of Stars," dedicated to the Giant Telescope of California, the enigma of the ninth planet, the poem on Lindbergh, "Alone with the Moon," the dialogue in "A Modern Love Sequence" show her interests to be distinctly of today. There is a great deal for Miss Laidlaw to learn, but she seems to form her own ideas and sometimes happens upon quite interesting ones. At any rate, there is animation in her book, though a tendency toward the didactic is to be deplored. Occasionally she falls into the extremely banal. A few more years of reading and experiencing will doubtless greatly better her style.

Horace Gregory does some original things in "Chelsea Rooming House" (Covici-Friede). Probably the title of the book particularly interested us because we once ourselves lived in a rooming-house in Old Chelsea, New York, which is, undoubtedly, the Chelsea referred to. The characters we encountered there were different from those Mr. Gregory describes, but some of his are quite as real. He creates an original vehicle for "Rachel," "Dilemma on Twenty-third Street," and "Husbandry" (particular-

(Continued on next page)

New HOLT Books

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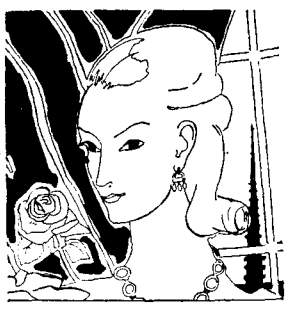
By F. L. LUCAS



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THE PEASANTS, *by Ladislas Reymont*

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Foreign Literature

The Novel in Italy

THE MODERN ITALIAN NOVEL. By DOMENICO VITTORINI. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

THE novel, most popular of the modern literary forms, was of ancient Byzantine origins. Through the late Latin writers it passed from the Greeks to the European Middle Ages, and an Italian, Boccaccio, wrote the first masterpieces, if we may call them that, of the medieval romance. The French seventeenth century made a first transformation of the medieval datum, bestowing on the *genre*, in the novels of certain ladies of the French aristocracy, a new moral seriousness, a social outlook, a trace of psychology, style. It was the English of the eighteenth century who gave the novel status among the recognized types of noble literature, a reform that was seized on eagerly by the French, and they, in fact, in the nineteenth century, produced masters quite as great and almost as numerous as the English. The modern novel, the novel as we know it today, would seem, therefore, to be very much an Anglo-French affair. Other nations have adopted it with some success. But its outstanding masters, and its most enduring masterpieces, are, so far, French or English.

In Italy the novel has been distinctly a foreign importation, and it has never succeeded quite in becoming naturalized there. In a century and a quarter Italians have produced perhaps a dozen, perhaps a score, of novels more or less readable. They have produced none (with the contestable exception of Verga's things) that one would have necessarily to consider in studying the history of the novel as an "art-mode." On the whole, we would venture, the Italians have made as bad a mess of the novel as they have of democracy. And anyone who tries to follow the current Italian output of fiction could almost hope that some Mussolini of literature might arise in wrath against this ultramontane contamination also and recall Italians to activities more consonant with their native genius—thought, poetry, polemics—anything else. (Yet you never can tell—purgings by fire and sword somehow rarely work. Croce was a sort of literary Mussolini. Thirty years ago he started chasing all Italians into philosophy. The consequences have been catastrophic.)

The initial defect of Professor Vittorini's method in studying the Italian novel has been to ignore in its totality the general history of the novel in Europe, and even the early history of the novel in Italy. Confining himself to Italian material, indeed to very recent material, he starts with the mistaken assumption that the Italian novel is an Italian product, arising in a general trend of Italian culture from classical preciosity toward "realism" (mistaken, because the novel was never a classical *genre*). A significant history of the Italian novel might be a research as to the attempts of Italians to adapt the successive stages in the evolution of the novel in Europe at large to their own purposes; and such a research would necessarily develop its own categories of classification and its own criteria of judgment. Or else, if we insist on ignoring the conquests of "comparative" literature and on remaining strictly within the Italian field, we might fix on the key points in the history of the Italian novel and organize our material around these points. Or, indeed, if we are going to be such rampant neo-idealists as Professor Vittorini, then we abandon study of the "art-mode" altogether, and study *seriatim*, but thoroughly, various personalities of interest who have chanced to use the novel as a medium of expression. Any of these routes might lead somewhere, and we might, perhaps, devise still others. Professor Vittorini, however, takes none of them. He is lost, therefore, from his very first pages and never finds himself.

Part of his confusion arises, doubtless, from the bad habits of literary scholarship in general. There is a notable tendency in our schools and universities to take over the labels of the various "groups," "schools," and "salons" that have flourished on the Continent, particularly in Paris, and erect them into pseudo-scientific categories for the study of letters. Most professors are inclined to feel satisfied if, after the usual twenty years of research, they can conclude that so-and-so was a "realist," his rival a "naturalist," and his successor a "symbolist." There is flagrant abuse of such labeling in this volume; and the flagrancy is made more flagrant by the fact that Professor Vittorini gives his "naturalisms," "realisms," and "idealisms" no particular definition: Deledda, he says, is a "naturalist"; but her "production is a perfect sublimation and projection of her own inner life!" But probably the most important of the definitions lacking to Professor Vittorini is that of the novel itself. Never certain as to whether he is studying an "art-mode" or the course of Italian civilization at large, he tends continually to slip toward the latter, to such a point as to talk of the "Voce" and insert a biography of dear old Prezzolini, who has had restraint enough never to write novels and the good taste to read very few of them. Is it from Prezzolini, or directly from Croce, that Professor Vittorini gets his aversion to "Positivitism"? But granting that that aversion is serious, it seems strange that he should write his book around one of the most wobbly and shopworn of the categories of "Positivistic" method—the myth of "cyclical" developments in literature within national boundaries.

As is the case with many university productions, the substantial portion of Professor Vittorini's study, when the latter is stripped of its annoying and useless comment, consists of a bibliography quite extensive and, despite its offhand bibliographical dress, undoubtedly valuble. Equally valuable are the detailed summaries of a hundred or more books, though these, disturbed by preoccupations with Professor Vittorini's various "-isms" are not always as discerning and adequate as they might be. The narrative of fact, meantime, is untrustworthy and shows inadequate research. My eye falls on a paragraph on d'Annunzio: "D'Annunzio's first book, 'Primo Vere,' published when he was only seventeen, was written in the primitive province of the Abruzzi where he spent his youth." But, if the point of precocity be interesting, "Primo Vere" was written when d'Annunzio was sixteen, and at Prato, in Tuscany, where he was at school. Further along: "'Primo Vere' was inspired by Carducci (neo-classicism) and Verga (naturalism)." However, it was inspired by Carducci (barbaric rhythms), Stecchetti (witty and melodious obscenity), and Chiarini (pure utility—Chiarini was an authoritative book reviewer). And thence, going on: Sommaruga was not "a wealthy member of the Roman aristocracy"; *Fracassa* was not edited by Scarfoglio, but by *Minervini*; and the "Sommaruga Society" was not "a group of poets" but a publishing company. One thing more, in conclusion: the historian of the Italian novel must not depreciate the romances written by d'Annunzio because he jilted Duse. Such laurels as the Italian novel has won of late were won between '85 and 1900 of the past century. The novels of d'Annunzio, and especially "Fuoco," must be reckoned among them.

Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page* 249)

ly horrible, this last, yet strangely enough with a Hamlet touch!), "Love Song: Twenty-third Street" is original and beautiful. But the book unfolds other sections that reveal even more interesting matter, glimpses into lives that are as characteristic of the city as Fourteenth Street, a poem on Dempsey that says everything there is to say concerning how the people make symbols, a poem "Hellbabies" that is as striking as Sandburg's best. There is nothing stale about this book, though it deals with stale ambitions and lusts and hopes and the drums of defeat beat in it. It is a very good book about the general average in New York. We are too near to all that life to realize the fundamental horror of it, but some citizen of the future picking up this volume will find in it the voice of an industrial era upraised, on the whole, without particular bitterness, that may seem to him fantastically harassed, if things have changed much by then. He will read about a Bridgewater Jones, and, let us hope, find him as rich and strange as a dinosaur. And yet how many Bridgewater Joneses we listen to from week to week in the New York speakeasy! Yes, it's a weird city enough. We are in it and of it and too close to it to realize how grim are its deserts, but Mr. Gregory has realized, and experienced, and written his findings down. He has accomplished an original thing.

According to foreign dispatches a series of state textbooks for Italian elementary schools, which has been completed in time for the beginning this week of the school year, constitutes a new step in the campaign to make Italian youth safe for the Fascist revolution. As had been predicted, the series is "permeated" with Fascism and with its corollaries. The books contain sketches of lives of the late war, of the glories of ancient Rome and present-day Italy, and much about the Fascisti, their party, and their leader, Mussolini.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE MINDE'S DELIGHT, or a Variety of Memorable Matters Worthy of Observation. Collected by HEDLEY HOPE-NICHOLSON of the Inner Temple, with a poem by R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Boston: Hale, Cushman, and Flint. 1929.

Mr. Hope-Nicholson calls this collection of excerpts "a Variety of Memorable Matters," and Mr. Cunninghame Graham calls it "a fanciful anthology." The only principle of selection seems to be the interest of the selector. It is the kind of book that springs from the note-taking habits of a leisurely reader of old books, one who copies as he reads. Robert Southey had the habit, and his "Commonplace" book in two volumes is less entertaining than Mr. Hope-Nicholson's Memorable Matters. "The Minde's Delight" is somewhat exuberant, and "fanciful" is not the adjective we should choose, but the variety is really various and some of it memorable; whereas Southey's choices, to the best of our recollection, were persistently theological, a bit ponderous and dry. Mr. Hope-Nicholson delights in nooks and byways of English character and history, in humors, customs, and forgotten details. He seems to be a high churchman, if not Catholic, and an ultra-conservative. His sympathies are with Charles I and James II. To be a Member of the Inner Temple and live in Chelsea calls up the background one would expect of lettered ease and tradition, for a volume so admirably printed and bound, so eligible a candidate for membership in a meditative library.

PENS FOR PLOUGHSHARES. A Bibliography of Creative Literature That Encourages World Peace. Compiled by *Elizabeth Nitchie, Jane F. Goodloe, Marion E. Haines,* and *Grace L. McCann.* Boston: F. W. Faxon Co. $1.50.

THE FINE ARTS. April 1930. Concord, N. H.: Rumford Press.

Biography

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN WILD. Collected and Edited by R. N. CAREW HUNT. First Series. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $3.

THIS is a rather unusual book in that it is made up of letters whose only connection is that they were part of a collection formed a century ago. Thus one finds strange bed-fellows, Vesalius and Lady Hamilton, Byron and—, but the metaphor is an unhappy one. Suffice it, that there are fifty unpublished letters from the pens of immortals whose slightest word must be treasured. Perhaps the most valuable contributions come from Sterne and Shelley, but all are worth preserving and will, as time goes on, find their way into their proper homes, the biographies of their illustrious authors.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. Edited with an introduction by EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. Macmillan. 1929.

Mr. John T. Morse's "Memoir of Perry" (1929) contained extracts from his letters which, though few, suggested that Perry might be one of those writers destined to be forgotten for their formal works and remembered for their letters. His bibliography credits him with six published volumes, but they seem to have attracted no attention. We remember having read his "Life and Letters of Francis Lieber" and the volume on John Fiske, but the name of the author made no continuing registry. Outside of Boston and his circle of friends he was very little known. To his circle of friends he seemed a man of the first distinction, of varied charm, whimsical wit and extraordinary range of culture, one of the best conversationalists of his time. That distinction can be realized from his letters as apparently it could not be from his published books.

Mr. Robinson was no doubt right, for various reasons, to include the war time letters and their comments on public men; but it must be admitted that they disturb one's liking. Most of us said and wrote things in that unsettling time which we would prefer to forget, and their publication in after years would shock us like an indecent exposure. Perry is a pure delight when he is "ragging" his friends, or playing capriccios on the subject of his New Hampshire hens, with a light-fingered invention almost worthy of Charles Lamb. He was a born writer. The finished phrase drops shining from his pen, and he turns corners like a swallow on the wing. "(Science) is the one manifestation of human thought which struggles to find itself wrong. That is to its credit. I hate the world, but I don't know anything more fascinating. If it didn't exist I should have to invent it—and then I should be sorry." A growler at a world which he finds fascinating has the best of chances to be entertaining. Perry's growls have the most charm when they lie closest to his laugh.

ANDROMEDA IN WIMPOLE STREET. By DORMER CRESTON. Dutton. 1930. $3.

Miss Creston's "Andromeda in Wimpole Street" is not a book which requires an animated or a copious review. It amounts to a selection from the Browning love letters with a narrow fringe or selvedge of biography. Its unity is not clear-cut. It is more than an abridgment of the correspondence; it is very noticeably less than a life of Mrs. Browning; and in no degree can it be called a life of Robert Browning.

The real object of the undertaking—the choice of extracts from the correspondence—has been successfully pursued. The passages bring out the story, are significant in themselves, and are accurately transcribed. The public which takes the Barrett-Browning love letters in clippings or parcels is a public which it is impossible to respect; but its dimensions are probably not small, and its wants, if not its capacities, are respectable. Miss Creston has ministered deftly to that public; she has an eye for the telling anecdote, an ear for the evocative and vibrant word. She is not herself a writer, but she is articulate like the rest of us, and we get on comfortably with her except in the fortunately rare moments when she makes a definite attempt to write. Moreover, when, dramatizing Elizabeth's mood in her second answer to Browning's first declaration of love, Miss Creston says: "How ridiculous she had been, how jejune!" one doubts if she knows the meaning of "jejune," and suspects that its relationship to "déjeuner" would be a great surprise to her. One may add that while "Andromeda in Wimpole Street" is felicitous as a metaphor, it is infelicitous as a title; a title should not soar when the book itself merely paces.

The elder Barrett was an unfortunate man. He fared ill at the hands of nature, of fortune, and of letters. Miss Creston implies by her title that he was a dragon; she goes no further, and the truth is on her side. It is odd that at this moment Mr. Rudolf Besier should be exhibiting in London a play called 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in which, under impulsions from Freud, he virtually adds the goat to the dragon. On this last revolting and unnatural combination Greek myth, once more, furnishes us with the decisive comment: When you combine a goat with a dragon, you get a chimera

Perhaps the best thing in Miss Creston's book is a fly-leaf quotation from Aldous Huxley: "Love, after all, is the new invention; promiscuous lust geologically old-fashioned. The really modern people, I reflected, are the Brownings."

Fiction

MILLIE. By DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE. Vanguard. 1930. $2.

Though many citizens will find "Millie" much too strong for their stomach, it is nevertheless a corking good story—honest, lively, and real. Mr. Clarke has a taste for the underworld, as we saw in "Louis Beretti" and "In the Reign of Rothstein." He has also a notable skill in giving his writing a hard-boiled, rude tone that makes for convincingness. "Millie" is a rough, tough, rowdy book, but it is fundamentally decent and acceptable, because Mr. Clarke is neither sly nor salacious. His masculine robustness is a great relief after the measly lasciviousness of much recent fiction.

Millie was a red-headed wench from a country town, and she burned up the big city. Her father, the village blacksmith and a magnificent giant, gave her spirit and body direction, and when, one day, he was killed by an enraged bull, Millie had a distinct enough personality to stand her ground against the world. Direct, rugged, hot-headed, and selfish—she was born for trouble, and she found it. When her marriage went on the rocks, she left her daughter with a friendly family and started out alone to best New York. After eighteen or twenty years the struggle seemed to have been a draw. New York had turned her into a har-

(Continued on next page)

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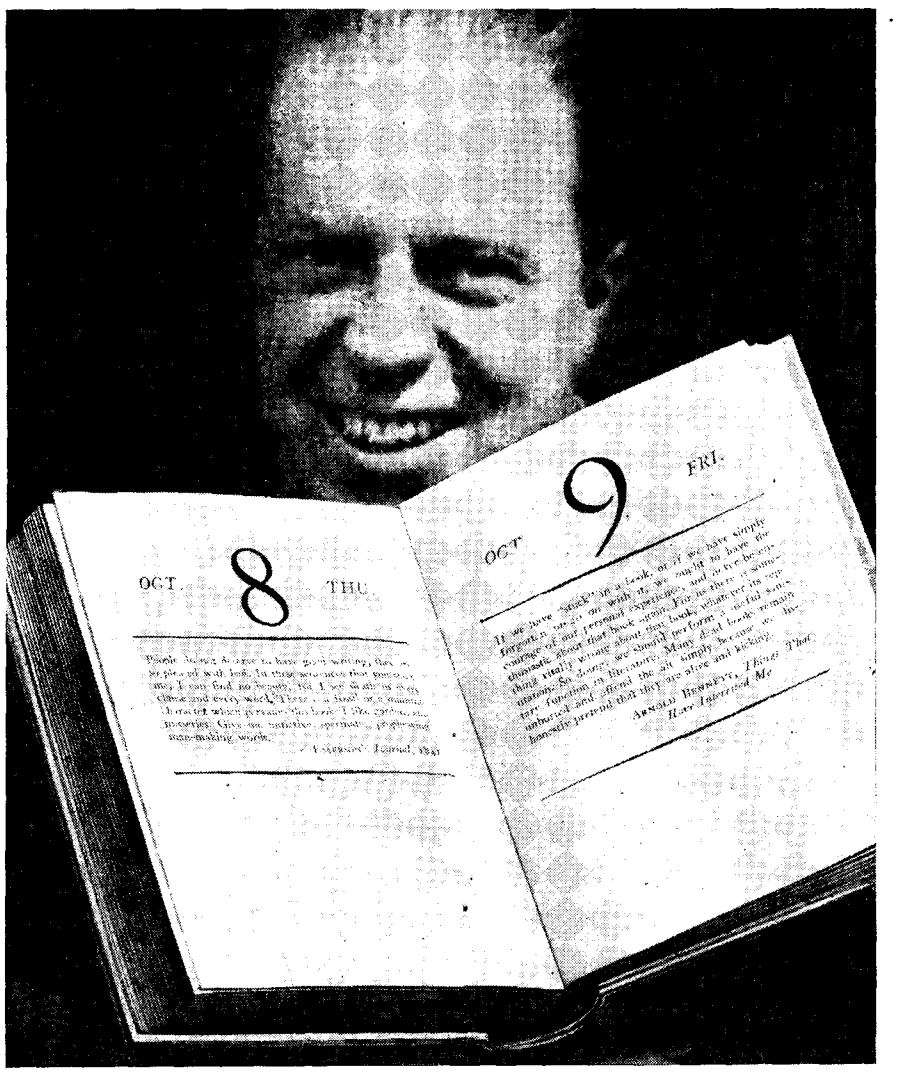

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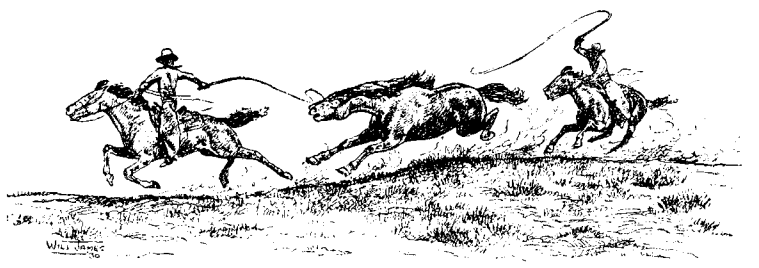

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 244*)

of books on India which includes Edward Thompson's "Reconstructing India" (Dial), Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Disillusioned India" (Dutton), "The Case for India" (Simon & Schuster), by Will Durant, and Romain Rolland's "Prophets of the New India" (Boni). Another Oriental country receives discussion in Nathaniel Peffer's "China: the Collapse of a Civilization" (Day) and "Tortured China" (Washburn), by Hallett Abend.

Now, at last, we've come to *belles lettres*, and to such books as "'Everyman' Remembers" (Cosmopolitan), in which Ernest Rhys, editor of the Everyman's Library editions, reminiscences on literature and the literary; Amy Cruse's interesting "The Englishman and His Books in the Nineteenth Century" (Crowell); "Toward Standards" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Norman Foerster, doughty champion of humanism; L. Wardlaw Miles's suggestive essays collected in "The Tender Realist" (Holt); Wilson D. Wallis's "Culture and Progress" (Whittlesey); the third volume of "Main Currents in American Thought," a volume left practically ready for publication at his death, by Vernon L. Parrington, and now issued under the title "The Rise of Critical Realism in America" (Harcourt, Brace); "Camera Obscura" (Simon & Schuster), gleanings from the pen of the untimely dead William Bolitho, and Thomas Beer's "Form, Color, and Desire" (Knopf).

Ah, we progress! But another two or three categories and we are done. Our next division, poetry, is brief, since we confine it to Lizette Woodworth Reese's "White April" (Farrar & Rinehart), "Lichee Nuts" (Liveright), by Edgar Lee Masters; Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Glory of the Nightingales" (Macmillan); "The Pastures" (Macmillan), by Padraic Colum; Masefield's "The Wanderer of Liverpool" (Macmillan), the first work from the author's pen since he became Poet Laureate, and the new editions of those excellent anthologies by Louis Untermeyer, "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace).

But halt! Between us and the miscellaneous batch of books which we intend to reel off as rapidly as possible as conclusion to our survey still stretches the group of volumes on law which are impressive enough to merit a paragraph to themselves. They are "Criminal Justice in America" (Harpers), by Roscoe Pound; "Our Criminal Courts" (Minton, Balch), by Raymond Moley; "The Story of Punishment" (Stratford), by Harry Elmer Barnes; "The Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis" (Vanguard), collected by Alfred Lief, and Emanuel H. Lavine's "The Third Degree" (Vanguard), merely looking into which here and there made our blood boil and run cold at one and the same moment.

And now—blessed be the fact—we are nearing the end of our survey. We're sorry it's been so perfunctory, but we write ever with visions of an inelastic page before us. Type, unfortunately, is non-compressible. You can't cheat the printer by pasting up a dummy that steals a few lines here and a few others there. He merely "hangs" them, as he would say, on the page proof, and there's nothing for it but to cut something to accommodate them. So we might as well try to hold ourselves within bounds in the beginning. Yes, we know we're wasting space and time with these explanations, but it's a relief to wander from titles. However, back to them. Here are some that are worth investigating: "Some Folks Won't Work" (Harcourt, Brace), by Clinch Calkins, a study of unemployment unhappily very pertinent just at present; "Liberty in the Modern State" (Harpers), by Harold Laski, who is now in this country delivering a course at Yale; "By Way of Cape Horn" (Holt), by A. J. Villiers, a spirited and vivid narrative; "The Conquest of Happiness" (Liveright), by Bertrand Russell; "The Psychology of Achievement" (Simon & Schuster), by Walter E. Pitkin, a book that will probably enthrall the general reader; "Individualism, Old and New" (Minton, Balch), by John Dewey; "Growing Up in New Guinea" (Morrow), by Margaret Mead; "Hell in America" (Brewer & Warren), by Ferdinand Reyher; "The Life of the Ant" (Day), by Maurice Maeterlinck, and "Ants" (Cape-Smith), by Julian Huxley; "Little America" (Putnam), by Admiral Byrd; William Beebe's "Nonsuch" (Putnam), and Frank Bach's "Bring 'Em Back Alive" (Simon & Schuster). Oh, and just *one* more thing before we close,—Doubleday, Doran is shortly to bring out the much heralded "Science of Life" on which H. G. Wells, his son, G. P. Wells, and Julian Huxley are collaborating, and which is being issued in England in parts as was "The Outline of History." The publishers tell us that making up the book is a troublesome problem, and we can well believe it, since it is to contain some four hundred illustrations. And to think that sometimes we spend as much as half an hour in selecting just three simple pictures for this paper! The mere idea of Doubleday, Doran's task gives us pause. Well, we're glad to stop, even in humiliated spirit.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ridan, a coarse, unprincipled outcast from decent society; but she had made a fool out of New York more than once, and every day of her life she had sent better than she received.

Millie is a sympathetic character. We are always for her, and against anyone who is trying to harm her. What a glorious fight she puts up, and, best of all, how little of a hypocrite she is! Thank God that here is one woman who refuses to snivel and who does not recoil in dainty horror from the predatory male. So many novels have been written in which sweet young girls are altogether too pure and refined for this world that to come across a female protagonist who frankly enjoys her sexual life is like emerging from the fog into the clear air. Millie is a remarkable woman, and any reader who does not sense her healthy vitality misses something of importance.

The novel is skilful and deft. Mr. Clarke used his head to good advantage, planned well, judged wisely. Perhaps (and this is not so very important) he would have been wiser if he had not had the climax spring from anything so hackneyed as the my-daughter-must-not-know-what-her-mother-is formula. But beyond this, the construction and the ideas are excellent. The writing is sharp, smart, and bold, always economical and imaginative. And above all, "Millie" is splendid entertainment for adults, perfectly proper entertainment for those who have got considerably beyond Santa Claus and the stork.

GOSPEL FOUR CORNERS. By Frances Gilchrist Wood. Appleton. 1930. $2.

The author of this dull and formless novel has sacrificed whatever mild interest one might feel in the lives of her characters to the task of setting before us a panoramic vista of an Illinois village, from the frontier days of the 1850's, through the passing decades, to the dawn of the '80's. John Ellison, the vaguely portrayed hero, crippled in childhood by the brutality of a bully, edits the local newspaper and supports in its columns the campaigns of the law-abiding element for improved schools, honest government, prohibition, and other goals of righteousness. The occurrence of great national events—the Civil War, Lincoln's assassination, the Chicago fire, the Wall Street panic of the '70's—is constantly dragged in and discussed, obviously to give the background verisimilitude, but without remotely helping to advance the story's development. A lachrymose, bigotted atmosphere prevails throughout, which was undoubtedly typical of the people and their time.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PEACOCK'S EYE. By Brian Flynn. Macrae-Smith. $2.

Never, if you commit a murder, be too careful of your language. For you may be sure your syntax will find you out. It was by a grammatical quirk that the imperturbable investigator Anthony Bathurst first struck the trail of the murderer of Sheila Delaney and the man who stole the "Peacock's Eye" emerald. This tale, according to Mr. S. S. Van Dine's mystery writers' decalogue, takes an unfair advantage of the reader, but it is undeniably interesting.

THE WHITE CAPTAIN. By Georgia Fraser. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.

It is a sentimental as well as redoubtable warrior that stalks his way through Miss Fraser's pages, and hence a warrior whom girls may admire more than their brothers will. For the John Smith of this story is continually thinking of the little Indian princess Matoka, more familiarly known to us as Pocahontas. His thoughts carry him to consideration of marriage, but he rejects the idea. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with his mission. If this is a somewhat sad conclusion for him, it is a tragic decision for Matoka, even though she goes

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to England and weds John Rolfe. But while injection of this subdued love interest gives us an immortal, unusual John Smith, there is plenty of adventure to remind us of the captain of tradition. We see him deliberately risking peril after peril, besides dangers unforeseen, and always swift to determine and as swift to act, although not always escaping unscathed. The tale has humor, also—humor of conversation and humor of incident. An especially entertaining episode is the one in which Smith instigates a pretended attack by Indians upon a settlement of white men who had stolen from them, the attack proving the cowardice of the thieves as brilliantly as if it had consisted of something more than war whoops and a few harmless arrows.

THE MIDDLE WATCH. By IAN HAY and STEPHEN KING-HALL. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

To turn a play into a novel is not easy, especially when the play was a farce. "The Middle Watch" had a long run on the London stage, and its popularity there is easily understandable. The story deals with two girls who stayed too long on a British cruiser after a tea dance, and had to spend the night. Many of the scenes must have been amusing in the theater, and the lady in pajamas whose picture decorates the jacket must have added a good deal to the play's drawing power; there is also a most satisfactory peripety. But to make a novel of the story necessarily requires a good deal of dilution; and one recognizes that this would have been amusing if you had seen it rather than that it is amusing as you read it.

RELENTLESS. By MYRTLE JOHNSTON. Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

This is another grim study of another strange character by Myrtle Johnston, the author of "Hanging Johnny." Its hero, Oscar Beranger, is temperamentally unfitted to make his life in the civilized world. He is the son of an explorer, and in all the difficulties of his London youth his mind turns to remembering what his father told him of the Ghoyaks, an unknown, primitive people living in Siberia. At last, when his affairs are at the worst, he goes to find the Ghoyaks, taking with him the chorus girl whom he has quixotically married. In the painfully hard life of these savages he finds himself; their dangers and privations delight him; he grows strong and content. He becomes their chief, and it seems he has succeeded in defeating an adverse world. But his English wife has borne him children, and taught them English, before she died; and it is soon apparent that the children are as ill fitted for life in a wilderness of snow as he was for life in London. One of the children is near-sighted, and pitifully unable to take his part in the hunts; one has a soul that is shaken inexplicably by the crude music of the tribe; one, the Ghoyaks think, is possessed of a devil, the devil we name in Latin, genius. The others, in various ways, all need civilization, a time comes when and at last their father is fairly forced to return to England with them. Then tragedy swiftly follows.

The tragedy is for Beranger himself. The children have found their proper place. The situation is reminiscent of Miss Arnot Robertson's "Three Came Unarmed," but Miss Johnston's young people find none of the hostility to those who are different and direct that met Miss Robertson's three. Indeed the book deals surprisingly little with the essential differences between the savage and the white man, so little that Beranger's motive for living in Siberia is a little obscure. In the first quarter of the book, Beranger now and then breaks out against the hypocrisy of civilized morality, but his dislike of that alone does not seem sufficient to make him change his whole life. Miss Johnston herself seems to feel this, and tries to supply an explanation near the end, in a conversation in which Beranger is spoken of as having a fundamentally uncivilized mind; by which, one gathers, she means the type of character that delights in hardship and danger for its own sake. This is possible, but the trouble which actually drove him to leave England came as the result of his intimacy with a dingy decadent of forty who would do anything to secure the friendship of young men, who lay abed all day and took drugs—surely the last man to appeal to the excessively hardy character she postulates.

But although the character is at the beginning vexed and inconsistent, once he reaches Siberia he is firmly drawn. And the character of the hero is the only conspicuous flaw in an unusual book. The savage joy of the husband in Siberia, the despair of the wife and the misery of the children, the agony of the father when he has returned to England, are powerfully and memorably drawn. The book is always harsh, and always gripping. When Miss Johnston published "Hanging Johnny" at the age of eighteen, there was some speculation as to whether her next book would fulfil its promise. "Relentless" amply does so, but it in turn promises still more for the future.

PICARESQUE. By DAVID HAMILTON. Scribners. 1930. $2.

In "Picaresque" Mr. Hamilton has undoubtedly given us a gay novel, though we feel that a good deal of its joyousness is only skin deep. His madcap couple, Cecilia and Tom, make love and separate, marry, beget children, and involve themselves in robberies and divorces without being very seriously affected either emotionally or morally. But perhaps the fault lies with the generation he describes rather than with the author's powers of characterization.

Cecilia, the lovely heroine, comes vividly to life for us when to the strains of Tschaikowsky's Valse des Fleurs she dances on the bare boards of Tom's studio clad only in a soiled coral dressing gown. But later when she coolly leaves Tom to marry the wealthy Prince Olyziki, and assumes the role of goddess in the machine to reunite Tom and his bride, she goes through the motions with a seeming heartlessness that somehow tarnishes her charm. Tom labors to prove his theory that the more fantastic men are, the less they are like pigs and sheep. This keeps him more than busy and his practical joking ranges from hoodwinking an old fogey into believing that he, Tom, is the missing link and exacting from the fellow a weekly stipend for the privilege of observing his antics, to selling Cecilia, disguised with whitewash and powder as a statue of Persephone, to the Albanian prince. These madcap doings are breathtaking but not quite as riotous as the blurb would lead us to expect.

It would take the genius of a Gerhardi to invest the jargon of these moderns with anything but monotony and some of the dialogue of "Picaresque" did remind us of the distinguished author of "The Polyglots." "Why must I ever arise from dreams of thee, Thomas, my love?" yawns Cecilia, emerging from the draperies of a cot in Tom's studio, "Prythee, my heart, create a bedroom about me." And over two pages she implores, "Thomas, my sweet, I am about to bathe. I may be perverse, but I do insist on a hallway as I pass to my bath." A certain flavor of Gerhardi. But if we look further for a semblance of his tender irony and gorgeous fooling we shall find in "Picaresque" but shallow fare. Still we feel that Mr. Hamilton has accomplished that which he set out to do. He has given us a light and frothy novel and if his characters point us no moral nor trouble themselves to leave with us a thought, they have the saving grace of taking their merriment straight. We like this. It is a pleasant change from the tawdry pseudo-psychology of so many of the novels that deal with this pleasure loving generation.

END OF ROAMING. By ALEXANDER LAING. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.50.

Now in his late twenties, Mr. Laing produces a first novel that, in subject matter as least, is pretty much in the ordinary run. If "End of Roaming" has a trace of distinction, that distinction is to be found in a certain energy of spirit and catholicity of interest, rather than in the substance of the novel. Indeed, the theme is well worn, although it is obviously a matter of vital concern to Mr. Laing. How many novels have been published dealing with the struggle of a youth to perceive the good life, and then to live it? How many protagonists have been too sensitive for their environment, longing to write or to paint instead of quietly getting down to business in the paternal iron foundry? A novelist assumes a dangerous burden when he undertakes to make sympathetic protagonists out of these romantic little rebels. For, surely, such a novel is bound to be largely compounded of apology, self-justification, and defensive superiority—the autobiography of the lad who always saw himself as the only one in step. And so Mr. Laing tells of the first thirty years in the life of Richard Melville — unhappy, bedeviled, groping — demanding a formula for happiness.

This Richard Melville had a well-to-do but stupid father and a colorless mother; realizing their limitations, he suffered his first disappointment. His uncle, Robert Melville, a literary-minded wanderer, gave the boy his first ideals and soon became transformed into his dream hero. There

(Continued on next page)

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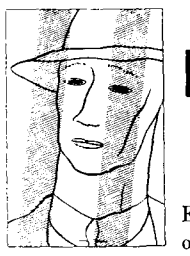

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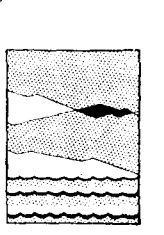

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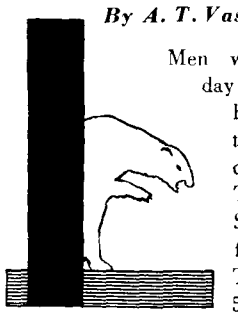

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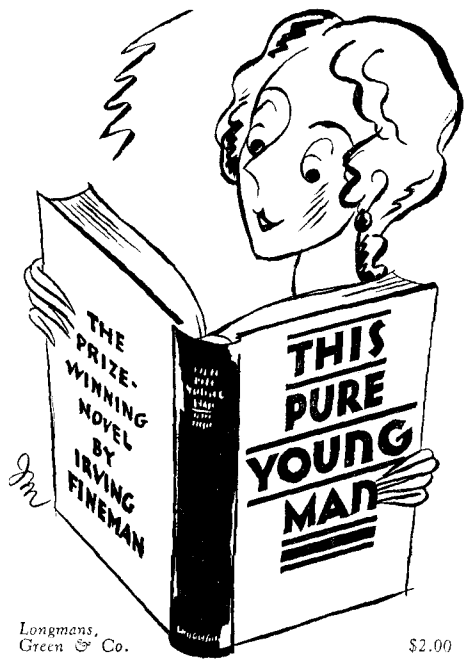

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

were the usual (literary) adolescent pangs, intellectual and physical, and the beginnings of rebellion against life as he was expected to lead it. After that came college (Dartmouth, to be sure), where first science, then literature, promised salvation. His interests fluctuated wildly; he painted well, but he mistrusted the excellence of the artist's life. Love affairs (given by Mr. Laing in careful detail) annoyed him; he had such an abundance of them that finally he let the memory of his vagabond uncle send him off to the sea. So on and on and on for 480 pages—until, at the end of his roaming, where did he find himself? Why, simply in a state of mind where he was able to strike a salutary balance between science, art, love, wandering; he had learned the value of the middle of the road, the wisdom of the golden mean. Shades of Byron! Is this balanced ration all that Mr. Laing and his precious Richard Melville have to show for their all but thirty years and five hundred pages?

For the little mouse of meaning that is brought forth, the novel is far too long and awkward. Whole episodes and groups of characters could and should have been omitted. But still there is usually a strong current of vitality and a wide sweep of background. Having got all this out of his system, Mr. Laing may do a better job with his next novel. He has already a definite facility in composition, as well as a kind of indignation that may in time grow powerful, tending possibly towards either passion or satire.

DON QUIXOTE. By *Miguel de Cervantes*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

HEAT WAVE. By *Denise Roberts*. Dial. $2.

THE CRYSTAL PAGODA. By *Helen Berger*. Dial. $2.

SPANISH LOVER. By *Frank H. Spearman*. Scribners. $2.

WINDSINGER. By *Frances Gillmor*. Minton, Balch. $2.

OUTLAWS OF EDEN. By *Peter B. Kyne*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

THE LOVE-HATER. By *Berta Rusk*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

GOSPEL FOUR CORNERS. By *Frances Gilchrist Wood*. Appleton. $2.

THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA. By *William B Gross*. Stratford. $2.50.

VIA MANHATTAN. By *Hawthorne Hurst*. King. $1.50.

FEATURED ON BROADWAY. By *Ann Knox*. Century. $2.50.

TUNDRA. By *The Edingtons*. Century. $2.50.

FAMILIAR ESSAYS. By *Stuart Robertson*. Prentice-Hall. $2.25.

COLOR OF THE EAST. By *John Russell*. Norton. $3.

TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR. Edited by *Ernest Rhys* and *C. A. Dawson-Scott*. Appleton. $3.

THE FRAGRANT MINUTE. By *Wilhelmina Stitch*. Dutton. $1.

THE MAN-CHILD. By *Grace Blackburn* (*"Fan-Fan"*). Graphic.

History

WHY IS HISTORY REWRITTEN? By LUCY MAYNARD SALMON. Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.50.

The late Professor Salmon of Vassar College was long associated with a movement, launched nearly a generation ago by a number of members of the American Historical Association, which had for its object the improvement of the methods of teaching history in American schools and colleges. One could not go far with the pedagogy of history, however, without being obliged to consider also the various ways in which history has been written, and why, from time to time, what has been written has appeared to need doing over again. The present book, finished and in the printer's hands at the time of Professor Salmon's death, early in 1927, but only now published with the aid of a research fund established at Vassar in her memory, is a carefully worked out summary of her conclusions regarding the question posed by the title.

Briefly, history must be rewritten because history itself has progressed by ascending spirals rather than by a straight line, so that from each new height attained a new vista comes into view. It must be rewritten because of the "almost slavish bondage of historians to conventions, arbitrary divisions into ancient, medieval, and modern history, as well as the lesser subdivisions of reigns, periods, and administrations," from all of which bonds most historians of the present time seek to be free. The advocates of the "new" history have come forward to press their case, although Professor Salmon declines to see in the new anything except a natural development from the old, and warns us that "history whether designated as new or old necessarily takes on somewhat of the coloring of the historian himself," as witness Freeman with his dictum that "history is past politics and politics present history." Authority and research represent two "mutually repellent principles" by one or other of which historians have often been guided, while in the meantime the scope of history has been constantly enlarged. Application of a "critical, constructive imagination" to the past necessitates much restatement, as does "the enormous change made in daily as well as in public life."

The historian, in short, has to take account of the widening content of life, and if this leads him into extreme specialization, as it often does, it at least brings his descriptions nearer to the truth. The conclusion has the air of paradox: we know more today than we knew yesterday, and we see things differently, so that no history of today will certainly pass muster tomorrow. Professor Salmon rejoices in the prospect; "happily," she says in closing, "as far as students of history can foresee, history will always have to be rewritten."

NIGHAL RULE IN INDIA. By *S. M. Edwardes* and *H. L. O. Garrett*. Oxford University Press.

ISRAEL. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Boni. 50 cents.

THE STORY OF THE IRISH NATION. By *Francis Hackett*. Boni. 50 cents.

International

WHEN PEACE COMES. By *Frank B. O'Connell*. Kansas City: Burton Publishing Co. $2.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By *Arthur N. Holcombe*. Knopf. $2.

BRIAND MAN OF PEACE. By *Valentine Thomson*. Covici, Friede. 1930. $5.

THE INTERNATIONAL MANDATES. By *Aaron M. Margalith*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1930. $2.50.

INDIA IN 1928-29. By *J. Coatman*. Calcutta: Government of India. 1930.

INVESTMENTS OF UNITED STATES CAPITAL IN LATIN AMERICA. By *Max Winkler*. Boston, Mass.: World Peace Foundation. 1930. $2.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

SUSANN OF SANDY POINT. By ANNIE GRAY CASWELL. Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

LINNET ON THE THRESHOLD. By MARGARET THOMPSON RAYMOND. The same.

These two books, for girls in the early 'teens, have one feature in common, a glimpse—superficial, to be sure, but of interest to young readers—of a working world of which they have little experience. Susann, doing her various odd jobs to earn money for a college education, is set against the background of a little canning-factory community of which she is one of the most cheerful and dependable members. Linnett, in the other book, is forced to leave school and go to work in order to tide her family over hard times and pay the doctor's bills for a sick father. She forms a small cog in the machinery of a great department store, but through her eyes is seen much of its organization as her experiences in securing the job, learning it, and holding it are told. There is more naturalism and less philosophical cheerfulness in this book than in the other, but both are enjoyable and may be recommended. Linnet's record, as an account of department store life for beginners, has much to interest those who have never needed to face such problems.

THE TURNED-ABOUT GIRLS. By BEULAH MARIE DIX. Macmillan. 1930. $1.75.

This book is a reprint of a story for girls by the author of the popular "Merrylips." The publisher, feeling that this unpretentious modern tale of two little girls in New England, has been too long overlooked, is now giving children another opportunity to become acquainted with it. It is a story modeled after the "Prince and the Pauper," where a little rich girl and a little poor girl exchange lives for the period of their summer vacations. The scene is laid in eastern Massachusetts on an onion farm and in the beautiful old mansion of a neighboring town. The sensitive, beauty loving nature of the poor child blossoms in these new surroundings, and the rich child has the opportunity of testing her masculine love of adventure in a real situation.

This story can be heartily recommended for its shrewd portrayal and development of character. The environment of farm and mansion is delightfully set forth, and the plot is one that always fascinates children.

THE LOST CRICKET AND OTHER STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By HOWARD DEAN FRENCH. Abingdon. 1930. $1.50.

WORLD OVER STORIES FOR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By FLOYD W. LAMBERTSON. The same.

The first of these two volumes of short stories is a real surprise. If you should notice on the jacket that these are sermons preached by Dr. French to the children of his congregation, you would probably exclaim like the reviewer's daughter, "Oh, Sunday School stories, I'm tired of those!" and you would picture to yourself the first story as one of a lost cricket which pointed a moral against running away from home: but you would be wrong. This is a true incident of how a New York crowd could not hear the chirp of a lost cricket in their noisy streets, but turned on the instant when the naturalist, who had heard the cricket, dropped a tiny silver dime upon the sidewalk. And so with the true story of some Mexican boys who hit a stick of dynamite with a baseball bat with very serious consequences—the moral is not against the playful boys, but against the careless man who left the explosive there and did not come back for it till too late. The subject matter

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of the stories is largely taken from present day life, fresh and interesting and aimed neither above the Juniors' heads nor condescendingly below them, but straight into their listening ears, for we are sure the children of that congregation and the grown-ups, too, had learned to be good listeners. If more of our moral teaching were as sensible and sincere as this we would soon overcome some of the prejudice against Sunday School books.

Alas, so much cannot be said for the second collection called "World Over Stories." Here the new stories are commonplace and the older ones retold have lost all their original life. This is not as good work as Mr. Lambertson did in his earlier collection called "Rules of the Game."

TREASURE TROVE OF PIRATE STORIES. Compiled and Edited by *Ramon Wilke Kessler.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE THACKERAY ALPHABET. Written and Illustrated by *William Makepeace Thackeray.* Harper. 1930.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By *Captain F. Marryat.* Edited by *May McNeer.* Macmillan. 1930. $1.75.

HOW THE DERRICK WORKS. Pictures and Text by *Wilfred Jones.* Macmillan. 1930. $2.

WORLD OVER STORIES. By *Floyd W. Lambertson.* New York: The Abingdon Press. 1930. $1.

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SHIPS. By *Peter Gimmage.* Illustrated by *Helen Craig.* Macmillan. 1930. $2.

THE BOY WITH THE PARROT. By *Elizabeth Coatsworth.* Macmillan. 1930. $1.75.

APPLE PIE HILL. By *Helen Forbes.* Macmillan. 1930. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

FROM ORPHEUS TO PAUL. By *Vittorio D. Macchioro.* Holt. 1930. $3.

BIG TREES. By *Walter Fry* and *John R. White.* California: Stanford University Press.

NO HARD FEELINGS. By *John Lewis Barkley.* Cosmopolitan.

THE ART OF FEMININE BEAUTY. By *Helena Rubinstein.* Liveright. $2.

L'AMOUR OR THE ART OF LOVE. By *Paul Géraldy.* Dutton. $1.

CONTRACT BRIDGE IN TWENTY MINUTES. By *Harold Thorne.* Dutton.

MUSIC. By *William Lyon Phelps.* Dutton. $1.

THE GOLDEN WEB. By *Wilhelmina Stitch.* Dutton. $1.

INTELLIGENT PHILANTHROPY. Edited by *Ellsworth Faris, Ferris Laune,* and *Arthur J. Todd.* University of Chicago Press. $4.

CIVIC TRAINING IN SWITZERLAND. By *Robert C. Brooks.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

SHAKE 'EM UP. By *Virginia Elliott* and *Phil. D. Stong.* Brewer & Warren.

BACKGAMMON IN TWENTY MINUTES. By *Harold Thorne.* Dutton.

HOW TO PLAY THE NEW BACKGAMMON. By *Lelia Hattiesby.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE WHEEL OF FIRE. By *C. Wilson Knight.* Oxford University Press. $4.50.

SPEECH MADE BEAUTIFUL. By *Helen Stockdell.* Abingdon. $1.

THE BOOKS OF THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN. By *James B. Connolly.* Day. $2.50.

STOCK MOVEMENTS AND SPECULATION. By *Frederick Drew Bond.* Appleton. $2.50.

RUBBER. By *José Carlos de Macedo Soares.* Smith. $3.

INTRODUCTION TO RURAL SOCIOLOGY. By *Charles Russell Hoffer.* Smith. $2.50.

GROW THIN ON GOOD FOOD. By *Luella E. Axtell.* Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

PROHIBITION PUNCHES. By *Roxana B. Doran.* Dorrance. $1.50.

THE ART OF MAKE-UP. By *Helena Chalmers.* Appleton. $2.

THE POLICEMAN'S MANUAL. By *George F. Chandler.* Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25.

PORTRAIT OF A DOG. By *Mazo de la Roche.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE PRINCIPLES OF REASONING. By *Daniel Sommer Robinson.* Appleton. $2.50.

EDUCATIONAL INSURANCE. By *Thad Johnson Knapp.* Stratford. $2.

WEAVES AND DRAPERIES, CLASSIC AND MODERN. By *Helen Churchill Condee.* Stokes. $5.

ONE JOB FOR PRICE. By *Frank Holmes.* Boston: Meader. $1.50.

MAGNA CARTA. By *Thomas Wood Stevens.* Chicago: The Bar Association.

HEALEY'S A B C OF GLIDING AND SAILFLYING. Edited by *Victor W. Pagé.* Healey.

ON HOME SOIL WITH BOB DAVIS. By *Robert H. Davis.* Appleton. $2.

THE NEW CONTRACT BRIDGE. By *Harold S. Vanderbilt.* Scribners. $2.50.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXERCISES. By *A. R. Orage.* Farrar & Rinehart. $1.25.

THE HOOKED RUG. By *W. W. Kent.* Dodd, Mead. $5.

TOBACCO. By *Dr. Walter L. Mendenhall.* Harvard University Press. $1.

FAMILY ORIGINS AND OTHER STUDIES. By the late *J. Horace Round.* Edited by *William Page.* Smith.

WESTERN SYMBOLOGY. By *Julia Seton.* Chicago: New Publishing Co. $2.

THE ART OF READING. By *Henry Gruppy.* Boston: May. $1.

BLACK TENTS. By *Achmed Abdullah.* Liveright. $2.

RANDOM GLEANINGS FROM NATURE'S FIELDS. By *W. P. Pycraft.* Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.

CHILD TRAINING. By *V. M. Hillyer.* Century. $2.

MY WILD ANIMAL GUESTS. By *Ernest Harold Baynes.* Macmillan. $1.75.

THE GUN CLUB COOK BOOK. By *Charles Browne.* Scribners. $3.

PING-PONG. By *Cornelius G. Schaad.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THE HUMAN FACE. By *Max Picard.* Farrar & Rinehart. $4.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION. By *John A. Fairlie* and *Charles M. Kneier.* Century. $4.

THE NEW SOCIAL SCIENCE. Edited by *Leonard D. White.* University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE CATHEDRALS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By *P. H. Ditchfield.* Dutton. $2.50.

NATURE INDEX. Compiled by *Jessie Croft-Ellis.* Boston: Faxon.

AN INSURED INVESTMENT. By *John P. Davies.* Crofts. $2.25.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF SOME GREAT FRENCH THINKERS OF THE AGE OF REASON. Crofts. $3.50.

AMERICAN SPEECHES. By *J. Ramsay MacDonald.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Religion

THE MEANING OF MYSTICISM. By WOODBRIDGE RILEY. Richard R. Smith. 1930. $1.25.

Professor Woodbridge Riley offers a brief but illuminating hour with the mystics of old and of late. Whether as a content of thought, a mode of apprehension, or a way of life, the mystic quest proceeds according to temperament supporting conviction. It's a strain in the life of the mind as deep in its roots as lofty in its aspiration. It's a hazardous alliance of feeling and thinking, a marriage inevitable but with a wide range of vicissitudes.

Historically there is the "pagan preparation," a Platonic by-product with a faint tinge of an oriental absorption, a more direct expression in cults Orphic or Eleusinian, or more intellectually in Pythagorean precept. Plotinus fused the product, the Greek logos and the Hebraic word, in a neo-Platonism which the church absorbed. There was the "Romanic" mystic way of negation, culminating in medieval asceticism and metaphysical abstraction ever simplifying and purifying, and the "Germanic" way, elaborating, visionary, ecstatic, symbolic, fantastic, cabalistic. The theological flavor of the mystic life dominates, and divides as Catholic and Protestant doctrines and emphases set its course,—Eckhart for the one, Boehme for the other. "Anglo-American mysticism" introduces the note of nature and its kinship with the human. It both asserts and leaves the supernatural in Edwards and finds a poetic exemplar in Emerson and in Whitman.

Yet any such outline is academic and unauthentic because unhistorical and unpsychological. The features of the mystic structure appear in its grotesque, its pathological, its irrational expressions; its records appear to our vision a tumbled debris of an architecture ambitious but unsound. And the concluding note, placed by Professor Riley in the overture, is that of fake mysticism, strident and raucous in the commercialized scene, "Success" lectures, control of the Solar Plexus, Prosperity Thought, Yogi's Transplanted to California, and a department store literature where all things of dross are sold.

All this is but a slight sketch of the mystic quest as an expression of the inquiring spirit, confused yet aspiring to see the meaning of life beyond the reach of the senses, longing vaguely for a larger communion. A hundred pages is but a summary, and five hundred would do little more than project the major voyages of the mystic mariners who have explored the world invisible. Because emotion resists the articulate, and because life is insistent upon logic, does the meaning of mysticism escape the common grasp. The modern mind forsakes it without reluctance or regret, assured of a safer art of exploration and a securer harbor.

BELIEFS THAT MATTER. By *William Adams Brown.* Scribners. $1.

THE HERO IN THY SOUL. By *Arthur John Gossip.* Scribners. $1.

THE MASTER: A Life of Jesus Christ. By *Walter Russell Bowie.* Scribners.

THE MOTIVES OF MEN. By *George A. Coe.* Scribners. $1.

WEEK-DAY CHURCH SCHOOLS. By *Nathaniel F. Forsyth.* Abingdon. $1.25.

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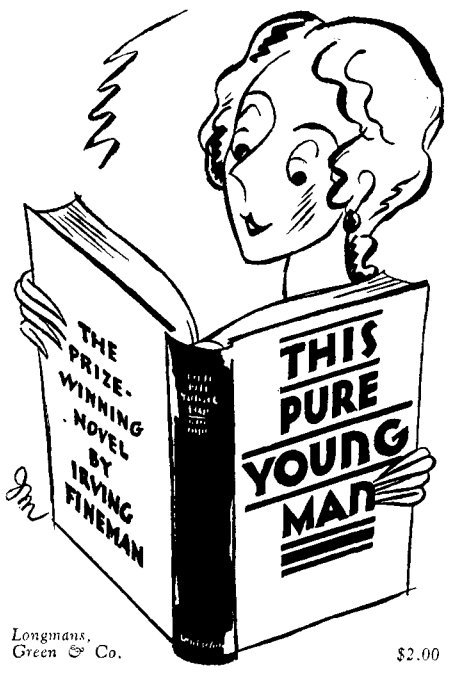

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Points of View

The Criteria of Success

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

On page 159 of your issue for September 27, Mr. Aldous Huxley says of Charles Dickens that "whenever in his writing he becomes emotional, he ceases instantly to use his intelligence." Farther on, we note that "Dickens was incapable, when moved, of recreating in terms of art, the reality which had moved him. . . . Little Nell's sufferings and death distressed him. . . . It was Dickens's business as a writer to recreate in terms of his art this distressing reality. He failed. The history of Little Nell is distressing indeed, but not as Dickens presumably meant it to be distressing: it is distressing in its ineptitude and vulgar sentimentality."

On February 1, 1842, near the close of his first visit to the United States, Dickens made a public address which was reported, in the course of which he said:

"I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness, it was to me to find so strong an interest awakened on this side of the water, in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your President has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child in England, from the dwellers in log houses among the morasses and swamps and densest forests and deepest solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with axe and spade, and browned with the summer's sun, has taken up the pen and written to me a little history of domestic joy and sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, with interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and the writer has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother —I could reckon them now by dozens, not by units—has done the like, and has told me how she lost a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my clock and come and see this country; and this decided me. . . ."

If that be failure to recreate in terms of art the reality that had moved the writer, Mr. Huxley is entitled to make the most of it.

What, if one may ask, are the criteria of success as a creative artist in literature? Is not the ultimate test the ability of the writer to evoke a human response, to make the reader see what he sees, or feel what he feels? If the method he adopts does not conform to your abstract and artificial standards of taste, well and good. But if he gets the result that he is after in terms of human laughter and human tears, it is sheer nonsense to belabor him as a failure. He may be a number of other things that warrant the sneers of the truly refined, but a failure he certainly is not.

The spectacle of the author of "Point Counterpoint" arraigning Dickens and poor old Edgar Allan Poe on the score of vulgarity, really requires a subtler pen than mine to do it justice. But passing that, I don't see that Mr. Huxley has done anything with his thesis beyond caviling at them for belonging to their generation and writing for their contemporary public. Which is, if I mistake not, exactly the case with Mr. Huxley.

ROY W. JOHNSON
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Lost

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Baudelaire's Complete Poems, translated by myself and published by Holt in 1925, with pencilled notes in margins, together with carbon copies of the revised metrical versions and the Prose Poems which I intend to publish soon, were two weeks ago lost in the New York subway. I have the original copies and publishers receiving for consideration any such MSS are requested to communicate with me.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.
Johns Hopkins University.

Chaucer Translated

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

When I wrote my protest against the favorable treatment accorded a recent translation of Chaucer's, I did not have any notion either of entering a controversy or of casting aspersions on anyone's intellectual equipment. Mr. Harold S. Davis, however, seems to have construed my letter as a personal affront, and I shall therefore be grateful for the opportunity to say another word on the subject.

It seems to me that all translation is a compromise with scholarship and with the true enjoyment of literature. Some men are able, to a very large degree, to escape the necessity for this compromise through an early training in foreign languages on an aptitude that enables them easily and quickly to acquire new tongues. The majority of educated men, however, must rest content with only Latin, French, German, and Italian, and look not without envy upon their more fortunate or more industrious coworkers. Most of us are reconciled to the fact that we shall never be able to read the Psalms in Hebrew. Likewise, many modern university graduates will find themselves unable to read Homer and Sophocles in the language in which they wrote. It would be absurd, however, to suggest that the Bible and Greek literature should be abandoned by anyone who lacks a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek. The point I mean to make is that so long as a man knows he is making a compromise and reads an author in translation with the realization that he is losing much of the essential merit of that author he assumes a position unsatisfactory to him but honestly faced; he does not then expect impossible benefits. Perhaps this statement explains my reference to shallow culture seekers, or those who, it seems to me, believe that a translation is sufficient.

That this point applies to the translation of Chaucer I suppose no one who understands the facts will deny. Certainly it is unreasonable to assume that any rewriting of the work of a man of genius can preserve all that the author created. There seems to me, however, to be an additional objection to a paraphrase of a work in one's own language. It is true enough that everyone cannot become a Middle English specialist, but it is also true that any reasonably intelligent and ambitious undergraduate can read most of Chaucer *for literary enjoyment* without becoming a specialist in anything. When he finishes he may not be master of all the special scholarship concerning the language, meter, and source material of the "Canterbury Tales." He will, however, have enjoyed direct contact with a fresh and vigorous masterpiece without the intervention of any watery paraphrase.

I hope that this time I have made my objection to a Chaucer translation clear and that I have provided the illumination for which Mr. Davis asked.

DONALD A. ROBERTS.
The College of the City of New York.

An Obvious Error

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Both Miss Josephine Pollitt and I wish you to give publicity to the correction of an error that appeared in her study of Emily Dickinson. The publishers have already been requested to change the mistake as soon as possible, but until that can be done, a public notice may rectify an unintentional discourtesy.

On p. 126-7 of Miss Pollitt's book there is this statement: "Nor are we made happier to read that the letters from Emily Dickinson to Helen Hunt Jackson marked by Mrs. Jackson for publication after her death, disappeared; nor to find the only letter from Emily Dickinson to her friend which did manage to struggle through, 'split' at the sentence that contains the word 'forgiven' and republished in 'The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson' as two letters, with the second addressed To——,' though the two are one letter to 'H. H.' on page 425 of the 'Letters' edited by Mrs. Todd."

I turned to Madame Bianchi's "Life and Letters," and on p. 372-3 I found the letter referred to—and the inaccurate judgment. The letter is not split. What misled Miss Pollitt was the fact that the letter begins on p. 372 and continues on p. 373. At the top of p. 373 there is, in 24 pt. caps, the word TO——. This capitalized TO——, however, does not signify the beginning of a new letter (as Miss Pollitt hastily inferred); it is merely the to-line placed at the top of every odd-numbered page of the letters. The particular TO—— on p. 373 refers to a letter thus addressed that follows the one to "H. H." Each letter in the collection is prefaced with To Blank, but the specific to-line is always in 8 pt. italics, not in caps. For a consistent use of these editorial devices we need only turn to p. 365. There the capitalized TO-line is TO MR. THEODORE HOLLAND. Then follow four short letters: To Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Field, To Miss Louisa Norcross, to—— ——, with flowers, and To Mr. Theodore Holland. The name of the person last addressed on each odd page is always repeated at the top of that page. Since, therefore, the TO—— that Miss Pollitt singled as evidence of Madame Bianchi's editorial duplicity is not in italics, and since it obviously refers to the last letter on that page, the fallacy of the implication is patent.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.
College of the City of New York.

Frank Norris Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am working on a biography of Frank Norris. I should be grateful for copies of letters from him that any of your readers may have or for accounts of personal contacts.

FRANKLIN D. WALTER.
San Diego State Teachers College.

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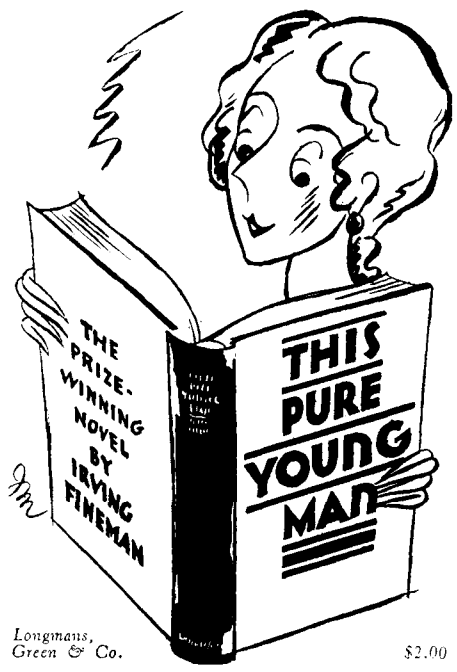

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

F. R., writing on behalf of a group of small town faculty wives in Michigan, asks for a list of some fifteen books of this fall, to include a few good biographies, not more than one book of verse, and nothing too technical in science, with some good fiction. These women buy and exchange the books because "the college library releases things too late."

LET us take fiction first, and begin with J. B. Priestley's "Angel Pavement" (Harper) as obligatory, with Louis Bromfield's "Twenty-four Hours" (Stokes) on no account to be omitted. There is a certain family resemblance in the method of the two: in "Angel Pavement" a number of separate life-stories are braided in to the main action, which centers in the business house in that street and continues as long as this goes on; in "Twenty-four Hours" the action also takes place in several places at once in the separate dramas of a number of people, which are successively braided into the story. "The Water Gypsies," by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Doran), is in the happy vein of "The Good Companions," whereas Mr. Priestley's latest seems meant in a measure to serve notice that he is not a candidate for the position left vacant by Pollyanna, to which it looked for a while last year as if he would be forcibly inducted by his loving friends. Two American novels in which a woman's life is the center must be added, "Years of Grace," by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin), and "This Day and Time," by Anne W. Armstrong (Knopf), and one in which three women take part, Phyllis Bentley's "Trio," a novel for which I have great respect and admiration, one that leads to a tremendous crescendo in which—to keep to the vocabulary of music—an instrument that has been playing along as part of the general harmony suddenly comes out in full color, as unexpectedly and inevitably as the trombones in the last act of "Don Giovanni." I suppose one must put in "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham," by H. G. Wells (Doubleday, Doran), and Charles G. Norris's "Seed" (Doubleday, Doran), but they are both overweighted as fiction by social "message" and the self-imposed necessity of delivering it. "Shepherds in Sackcloth," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper), shows her increasing preoccupation with religious matters. I have already spoken of E. B. Young's "Miss Mole" (Harcourt, Brace) and though I have not seen Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Philippa" (Houghton Mifflin) which is due in October, I cannot imagine a list of this sort without a place kept warm for anything she may write. Put in also two popular novels of the late summer, "Dr. Serocold," by Helen Ashton (Doubleday, Doran), and "The Young and Secret," by Alice Grant Rosman (Minton, Balch), and in case there are women in the group not yet convinced that a detective story can be real fiction of a high order of excellence, put in "The Book of Murder," by Frederick Irving Anderson (Dutton), over which I have lavished more adjectives in conversation than I have spent for years on crime literature. These are short stories, and the scene of some of them is my own part of northern New England; the sense of the country is something remarkable, and the methods of unravelling crimes are great.

The choice of biography depends so much upon the interest of the reader in the subject that I suggest only "Morgan the Magnificent," by John K. Winkler (Vanguard) or "The Story of Dwight Morrow," by W. M. McBride (Farrar, Rinehart), until I know more about the tastes of the group. However, I don't see how the autobiography of Will James, "Lone Cowboy" (Scribner), could possibly go amiss with man, woman, or boy. The group might like also the collection of spirited studies of the living great, Archibald Henderson's "Contemporary Immortals" (Appleton), or the fine life and critical analysis, "Molière," by John Palmer (Brewer & Warren), which I have been reading with keen interest. The best bargain in poetry is the new edition of Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace); for a single poet I would choose E. A. Robinson's "The Glory of the Nightingale" (Macmillan).

"A History of Science," by William Cecil Dampier-Whetham (Macmillan), is not too technical; it is the latest (going in this new edition through 1929), the most comprehensive, and the most readable for the layman, of any of the popular histories of science that have appeared. Nothing in modern science is light and chatty, and if a book about it is I have my doubts about the book, but the style of this is sufficiently easy for the comparatively inexperienced in such walks of life to follow. The feature of the work is its indications of the relations of science with philosophy and even with religion. As the group likes psychology in its practical applications, try "The Healthy-Minded Child," a practical, readable, and useful symposium edited by Nelson Crawford and Karl Menninger (Coward-McCann), for "average parents, with average education, average opportunity, and the average number of problems in bringing up their children," and "Adolescence: Studies in Mental Hygiene," another valuable book for parents and guardians, by Frankwood E. Williams (Farrar & Rinehart).

As I have included a book as large, solid, and lasting as that of Professor Dampier-Whetham's, I can put in the scarcely smaller volume, "Westward: the Romance of the American Frontier," by E. Douglas Branch (Appleton), but I foresee that there will be difficulty in prying it loose at the end of two weeks from the reader whose turn it may be to enjoy it. It is a straightforward history of how we grew up and went West, from the days when that meant Massachusetts, to 1920; I read the first 212 pages, including the wild tale of the State of Franklin that declared independence from North Carolina as Vermont had done from all creation in 1777 and then I firmly placed the volume in my steamer suitcase, so I could get some packing done, reserving the other four hundred pages for deck sport. And in conclusion, even if the group declares it has had enough of war reminiscenses, Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" (Coward-McCann) is not like any other, having indeed much the

(Continued on next page)

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Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

same sort of charm that attaches to "Journey's End."

"*T*," *Tucson, Arizona, writes:*

In the August 30 issue of the *Review* I notice that P. W. W. asks for information on ruins of the Southwest. From an archæological standpoint he will find the following important:

"Pueblo Architecture," C. Mindeleff. Am. Architect. 56; 19, 59 and 57, 31; 87.

"The Succession of House Types in the Pueblo Area," E. Haury, University of Arizona Library.

"Pueblos in Arizona," Fraps, University of Arizona Library.

A book titled "Southwestern Archæology," by Alfred Vincent Kidder (the publisher I do not know), is invaluable to the student of the Southwest.

G. *M. V., Cambridge, Mass., referring to the Guide of August 23, says,* "Perhaps you would like to pass on to your Beirut correspondent news of the following social science books. The Rugg Textbooks in the Social Studies, published by Ginn & Company; so far three books have been published in this series ('An Introduction to American Civilization,' 'Changing Civilization in the Modern World,' and 'A History of Modern Civilization.') A Pupil's Workbook and Teacher's Guide accompanies each volume. Other volumes are scheduled to appear soon. The books are intended for use in American high schools, but, I imagine, would not be ill-adapted to use in an American university in the Orient. I have found them excellent in my own reading. The emphasis is, of course, American (except in the second volume, given above). At any rate, I think your correspondent might like to have the books on his list."

I am increasingly happy over the quality of text-books for high schools that come my way, not so much for review with intent to recommend for class use—for which I am scarcely competent—but for examination with reference to their usefulness to home students or the general reader. Thus I found in "Dietetics for High Schools," by Florence Willard and Lucy H. Gillett (Macmillan, revised edition), a guide to nutrition and food economics interesting enough to keep me reading for a considerable period and convincing enough to make me lay it aside for possible future use—and that is more than I can say for some of the guides to considered eating that have been taken very seriously by the American reading—and eating—public.

Professor J. L. Morison, of Armstrong College, Newcastle, England, has resigned from the Newcastle Library and Philosophical Society as a protest against study there of the works of Joyce, Huxley, and D. H. Lawrence.

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Carl Sandburg *. . . in the Chicago News*

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James Gray *. . . in the St. Paul Dispatch*

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King's Printers' Editions

THE MASQUE OF QUEENES. By BEN JONSON. Together with a facsimile of the manuscript in the poet's hand, and twenty colortype reproductions of the sketches for the scenery and costumes by INIGO JONES. London: The King's Printers. 1930. New York: Viking Press. $26.

THE King's Printers (Eyre & Spottiswoode) announce a new series of fine editions. The announcement promises "a series of finely printed limited editions, which it is hoped to make noteworthy alike by the dignity and justness of their format and printing and by the excellence of their editing. The editions are intended for the use and pleasure of readers, and not as decorations for a gentleman's library. The general editor is Guy Chapman. It is not proposed to issue more than six titles a year."

Such an announcement from an American official printing office, supposing such a thing possible, would be horrifying to think of, and the notice of these new books was not entirely convincing when I received it. But the volume at hand quite dispels any doubts on the score of capacity on the part of Eyre & Spottiswoode to produce a beautiful book—even if at the same time it almost disproves their intention not to print a book for a gentleman's library!

It seems to me that this is an extremely creditable piece of work. The "Masque" has been printed in Arrighi type—a lithe and comely italic—with elaborate marginal notes. Only one small criticism may be advanced, that the tail margins are too large. The only attempt to "dress up" the type pages is in a pleasant border for the title-page, in the style of a copy-book.

The most interesting feature of the book will be Inigo Jones's designs for the costumes as worn by the actors before Queen Anne in 1608. They are reproduced in reddish tint from the original pen and ink drawings, and almost in full size. They are valuable records of Inigo Jones's work in a field not so well known.

The manuscript of the masque, in what the editor justly calls Ben Jonson's "brilliant but unaffected penmanship" is reproduced entire in facsimile collotype. The colortype work is excellent: the type pages would have gained from a slightly firmer impression.

As a whole this first of the King's Printers' Editions is an unusually good piece of book making in both editing and printing, amply justifying the new undertaking. R.

The Harkness Hoot—and Magazines in General

THE HARKNESS HOOT. Published six times a year at Yale University. No. 1. October. 1930.

IT isn't very often that a new college literary journal can gain admission to these columns because of any typographic charm which it possesses. The *Hoot*, however, merits some attention because while striving for the modern in appearance, it gives every evidence of having been printed with very careful attention to technical excellence and precision. The presswork is good, and the typographic arrangement has been skilfully handled. As to the typographic style of the magazine, why that depends upon what you like. Personally I am quite unable to understand why it should be thought that Bodoni type (certainly not bettered by cutting for the machine) and the ultra-modern versions of sans-serif can be successfully mated. For that, Mr. William Harlan Hale must assume responsibility: he deserves credit, however, for having gone to a good printer to have his ideas worked out.

The *Hoot* is one of the numerous children of the sempiternal *Yale Literary Magazine*. Old Mother *Lit*, however has seen young upstarts before, and may survive them all. Yet there can be little doubt (*pace* Mother *Lit.*) that many a magazine outlives its usefulness, indeed lingers indecently long on the stage. A recent case is seen in one of our great monthlies of the past which has been an "unconscionable time a-dying." Granting that an established institution dies hard, is no reason for assuming that it ought to live.

I have assisted some journals to be born: I have myself given the *coup de grace* to one weekly newspaper—it was a Bloody Shirt Republican newspaper, and I wrote socialist editorials for it! And I have been an interested observer of all sorts of periodical journalism since I established, wrote, set up, and printed the probably unknown *Stamp Journal* many years ago. Out of this varied experience I have reached one firm conclusion: by some means, fair or foul, legal or self-willed, the life span of any journal of opinion should never exceed ten years. Probably before that time the initial impulse will have slackened and come to a dead stop. Thereafter the magazine will be carried on by brawn rather than brain, by advertising rather than imagination.

One can think of a dozen magazines which have reached the quitting point, but which still fill up the newsstands. The best die young—the *Chap Book*, the *Lark*, the *Worker*, *Modern Art*—only one which I remember had the sanity to itself set a term to its career when it started—the *Fleuron*.

And of course the real reason why all magazines should commit suicide is that new ideas, new writers, need a new mode to express themselves in. They should seek it by new ventures, not by trying to rejuvenate honored tradition. R.

The Habitant at Home

GOOSE CAPE TO ORLEANS ISLAND. (Chart of the St. Lawrence River.) Ottawa: Dept. of Mines & Fisheries. 1929.

MONUMENT JACQUES-CARTIER. Fête d'Inauguration à l'Isle-aux-Coudres. Preface par M. E. Rochette. Québec. 1929.

LES EBOULEMENTS ET L'ISLE-AUX-COURDRES. (Edited by GEORGE BELLERIVE. Quebec. 1930.)

READING some years ago in a Western Massachusetts newspaper for the year 1791, I came across an account, written in the unreal and detached style of news items of the eighteenth century, of an earthquake shock which had wrought much havoc along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence River below Quebec. This portion of the earth has been the scene of several rather severe disturbances, especially of a landslide in 1663, and the very name of the singularly beautiful little village which perches on the hillside some thousand feet above the river is full of significance—Les Eboulements. Many years ago a reference to Les Eboulements and more especially to L'Isle-aux-Coudres (Hazel Island) in Baedeker had excited my curiosity.

Recently I have come across several imprints bearing on the island. The printed record is slight in amount: I have in hand a bibliography of the several items which have been published, but the island is happy in that it has little history—and never, apparently, had a printing-office!

The second of the volumes listed above, the account of the dedication in 1928 of a stone cross to the memory of Jacques-Cartier and the first mass in the interior of Canada (1535) has been printed as a souvenir of that occasion. There were numerous dignitaries of state and church present, Cardinal Rouleau of Quebec was present, and the oratory was of the order usual on such occasions. This new cross is one of the seven or so which have been set up around the edge of the island (the one road which girds the plateau is about eighteen miles long), crosses which serve as interesting gathering places for worship and song.

The chief responsibility for the building of the cross in memory of Cartier rests with M. George Bellerive, avocat and Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, who has recently compiled a small volume, "Les Eboulements et l'Ile-aux-Coudres," containing testimony

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from numerous Americans and Canadians to the allurement of the two places. There is little doubt of the picturesqueness of the island, a microcosm of human life at its simplest, set in the vast panorama of the most majestic of American rivers, yet one who has lived in the little French-Canadian village of Bas des Eboulements may smile at the effect of such a sentence as this, beneath one picture: "La Plage et le Terrain du Jeu de Golf aux Eboulements." I wish English were as mesmeric a language as French!

The printing of these booklets is of course very bad, but the printing of the Canadian Government chart of the river is very fine indeed. I know of few charts which seem to me so well done. The colors and the drawing and the printing are all careful, sharp, and tasteful—the artistic effect in no wise interfering with complete legibility. R.

THE BIBLIOPHILIST: Ten Lectures on Rare Books and First Editions. Boston: 1930. Published and Sold by G. Atwood Jackson (Box 1739).

THE purpose of these "lectures" is to be found in the author's introduction—"In the past years," he writes, "there have been many requests for—'a little pamphlet telling all about rare books and first editions.' As so many persons apparently think that the book business is one that does not require any study, experience, or special knowledge, we attempt in these lectures to point out that it is anything but a simple pastime or a royal road to fortune. The lectures are written for the novice who makes such a request, and for those who have had little or no experience in selling old books. They attempt to lead one along the tortuous path of bookselling, and can only aid one in avoiding the greater hazards and pitfalls by placing signs of warning along the way. You will have merely the essence, not quantity. It is rather difficult to condense several hundred reference books and years of experience into a paragraph, page, or volume. These lectures can be only an index to the great game of book-selling. Each section signifies volumes and years of of experience." Intended as they are for amateur booksellers and collectors, the lectures are undoubtedly useful: Mr. Jackson compresses his information into brief paragraphs that bear no visible relation to one another, and adds personal touches so incessantly that the whole matter assumes almost the form of an autobiography. Beginners will be helped by such experiences provided they have the patience necessary to discover the cases that fit their particular needs: older collectors will be interested in the accumulation of facts, and irritated by the manner in which they are presented. It should be added that the lectures cost one dollar each, and that this amount includes the appraisal by Mr. Jackson of ten books. G. M. T.

WITH GRAVER AND WOODBLOCK OVER AMERICAN HIGHWAYS. By BETTY LARK-HOROVITZ. New York: W. E. Rudge. 1930.

THIS is a collection of twenty-six wood blocks of American scenes from New York to San Francisco. There is an unfortunate introduction, which leads one to expect more from the pictures than one is likely to find. "With a meandering holiday interest, and with the fine sharp point of her graver, she has incised, with definiteness and contrast, on the smooth, inviting surface of the boxwood block, her impressions of the bustling highways of America." This is not very sensible "art criticism," and on examination one finds that sharpness and crispness are not the characteristics of her work. The book has been printed with Mr. Rudge's usual excellence of workmanship.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, whose "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" caused so much disturbance among collectors when the question of deciding the points of the actual first issue arose, has, it appears, created more confusion with his recent novel, "Memoirs of An Infantry Officer." The publishers of the English edition, to satisfy him, bound up a few copies of this book with uncut fore-edges; it has not yet been discovered exactly how many were treated in this fashion, nor whether the uncut edges preceded the cut in the process of binding. Collectors, however, will probably make themselves ridiculous in everyone's eyes by trying to prove the priority of the uncut fore-edge copies, even though they may suspect Mr. Sassoon of a slight degree of malice in adding another complication to their lives. In a matter of this kind, which involves nothing of importance, it would be such a relief to find people behaving sanely, and disregarding a purely minor point. G. M. T.

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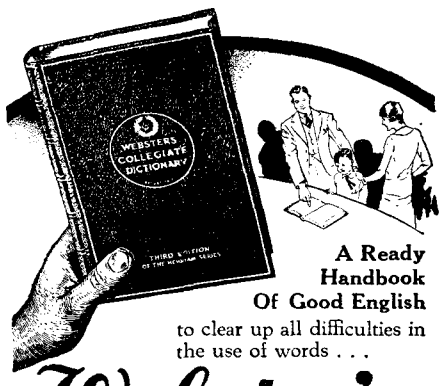

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NEWS! ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET has just arrived from Paris for his annual lecture tour. . . . *The Art of Thinking* and *Believe It or Not* are now available in dollar editions, reprinted by the original publishers themselves from their own plates. . . . Another *Inner Sanctum* best-seller at the moment is *Cross Word Puzzle Book Sixteen*. . . . *Bring 'Em Back Alive* is the current FRANK BUCK-OF-THE-MONTH. . . . Bookstores report spirited demand for *In Defence of Sensuality* by JOHN COWPER POWYS and *Beloved (O Mon Goye!)* by SARAH LEVY. . . . J. P. McEVOY, author of *Denny and the Dumb Cluck*, published in *The Inner Sanctum* series of new full-length novels at one dollar, has just returned from Deauville, Biarritz, Monte Carlo, and points North, where he was gathering very raw material for his next opus, *Show Girl In Society*. . . . The new *Inner Sanctum Dollar Novels* are now appearing in revised and improved flexible bindings which enable them to stay longer on the readers' shelves and less on the book-sellers'.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE literary "tea" business has started again briskly for the Fall, and the writing profession is once more foregathering. Here, there, and elsewhere we have been talking to writers, both old friends and new acquaintances. Two considerable literary figures we have listened to with great delight. One was *George Russell* (*Æ*) the redoubtable mystic and agricultural economist from Ireland, the other *Henry Williamson*, the celebrated rural writer from England. Both men were heard by us apart from literary teas, though both were seen at them. . . .

Of a quiet evening among a few friends Mr. Russell talked of Irish legend and of what Pan said to the Saint. If we were to say that the Irish poet's presence seemed instinct with a venerable benevolence—despite the fact that it did—we should convey a false impression of what age he appears. To tell the truth he is neither old nor young, but "growing as a tree" in a sense of which Ben Jonson never thought when he wrote his famous lines. Russell's is the effect of a stalwart tree, of stature, strength, benevolence,—his is the peace of a tree whose highest leaves are whispering to the stars and whose roots are deeply knit in fertile soil. As he physically overtops most men around him, so one feels the calm strength of his spirit overlooking theirs. Humor and poetry enrich his thought and conversation. He is enamoured of a rural utopia which he feels should be brought to pass on earth to save man from our modern domination by the city. . . .

The lean, dark, square-shouldered Williamson, with eyes that assume a meditative depth, or shine brightly with amusement, thinks, on the other hand, that it is more through experience of cities that Man comes truly to appreciate fields and open sky. He had already been, when we saw him, to a New York night club. In spite of the traffic, which even the practiced New Yorker cannot always bear with equanimity, he feels exhilarated by the streets of our city. Rural autumnal color is of less immediate interest to him than the amazing flight upward of the Empire State Building. He finds our metropolis full of extraordinary architecture and attractive ladies. Indeed, after absence, these are the things that most reimpress the native American. We ourselves have often marvelled at the *chic* and prettiness of the noon throng of girls, say on Fifth Avenue between 42nd and 50th, and the other evening we received an entirely new thrill from the Chrysler Building as observed from the balcony of the apartment of *Isa Glenn*, the novelist, in the east Thirties. It was a miracle of moonlight, its spire a javelin of silver. Suddenly it was clothed in poetry and mystery. Seen in a certain light at a certain hour it can be compared to no other edifice in the world. And we have glanced up at it so many times in daylight with a rather critical predisposition! . . .

Surely Isa Glenn is one of the most vivid talkers among the women writers of America, as she is now one of the most gifted narrators in prose. She and her son, *Bayard Schindel*, the author of "Golden Pilgrimage" keep regular working hours during the day, the guardian of their threshold being an affectionate but dignified scottie named "*Jamie*." He has his own ideas about the apartment. He will not allow the more eminent novelist to sit in a certain comfortable chair on her son's side of the house. When this room is used as the sitting-room upon the arrival of evening guests he withdraws his demurrer, but at the same time regards the occupant of that especial chair with a most watchful eye. We should be desperately afraid of spilling a cocktail upon its cushions. As a matter of fact we did not sit in it, the other evening, but occupied a different nook of vantage from which to listen to two charming feminine members of the English company that has recently been presenting "Nine till Six" at the Ritz,—a play that we saw later. It is all about a modiste's in Regent Street and there isn't a man on the stage. The accents of London proved grateful to our ears. But we couldn't exactly see why the play was subtitled "a comedy." . . .

Though, to return to musing upon views in the city, the young novelist *Katharine Brush*, (an entrancing view in herself) from her wide and high study windows is able, of an evening, to gaze southward from Fifty-seventh street on a coruscating acre of Manhattan lights. It is a glittering prospect. It is almost as impressive as the large white-balconied studio drawing-room of this writer, intensely modernistic in its severe black and silver, with a large plaque of gold elephants on the wall opposite the fireplace. The elephants were seized upon in Paris and borne triumphantly home. In her apartment Katharine Brush secretes one perfectly good husband and one perfectly good—we are sure—small son, Tommy. She is another author who binds herself to businesslike writing hours, although her program is now less stringent than it was before her recent marriage. In her recreation time she would just as lief while golden moments away looking at the latest models of hats and gowns. As a matter of fact, whatever they may say, most writers deep down in their hearts cherish a decided love of luxury. There is an appeal to the imagination in beautiful fabrics and the arts of decoration, both human and mural, no less than in wild city skies or the Spring countryside. We ourself are constantly revived and stimulated by a prowl past the shop-windows of this city where such a variety of riches satisfies the eye. There is, to our mind, no inconsiderable poetry, for instance, in the plate-glass displays of Saks Fifth Avenue. We are an admirer of all the new methods of window-dressing. And your progress of observation doesn't cost you a nickel! . . .

Of late we ascended to the ball-room of the Savoy-Plaza where *Ford Madox Ford* was host at a "tea" for *Irving Fineman*, the author of "This Pure Young Man" published by Longmans. An article should some day be written concerning the lady literary agents of New York. For instance, there is the remarkable and redoubtable and always vivaciously charming *Ann Watkins*. We did not see her at the Longmans tea but, as we were talking to *Virginia Rice* of Lida McCord Inc. and to *Charlotte Barbour* and *Elsie McKeogh* of the recently organized agency of Barbour & McKeogh, we hailed with delight Miss Watkins's Prime Minister, *Carol Hill*, who is always another pleasure to look at and amusing to talk to. She is, incidentally, one of the best businesswomen in town, and she enjoys life even over the telephone. Them girls works hard. Nor could one easily overlook the astute *Bernice Baumgarten* of *Carl Brandt's* agency. She is another grand marshal with the finest little poker-face since that which won renown for *Helen Wills*. Eventually, we predict, all literary agencies will be entirely in the control of the women. Their sex has all the advantage in beguiling publishers and authors. And our experience has been that a woman can "talk turkey" more remorselessly and more relentlessly than any mere man. It's a terrible combination! . . .

One dog also suggests another. We have already spoken of the dog "Jamie." But what of the dog "*Smoky*," the present borrowed property of *Helen* and *Herbert Asbury*, the latter being the noted author of "The Gangs of New York," a copy of whose more recent "Ye Olde Fire Laddies" we have just received from his publisher Alfred Knopf. "Smoky" is a pit bull, and has been rusticating for the summer in the Adirondacks at the Asbury Camp on Canada Lake. "Smoky" is of the bulldog breed but his hallucination remains that he was born to be a lap-dog. He is rather large for a lap-dog, more nearly approximating the proportions of a young calf. Nevertheless, he endeavors. He always has to be brushed off. Now the Ashburys are off to Hollywood for a further hazard of new fortunes. Will "Smoky" go or not? Which doesn't particularly remind us—but the book does—that the chapter in "Ye Olde Fire Laddies" entitled "Dressed up Like a Fire Engine" is a most engaging account of the superb adornments of America's ancient fire engines and hose carts,—a glowing addition to Americana. . . .

John Russell, romancer of the South Seas, has been in Hollywood where they've been making a talkie of another of his stories. Its original is included in a new omnibus edition of his stories just brought out by W. W. Norton & Co., which is entitled "Color of the East." The book is a darn good buy, as it contains thirty-six exciting short stories.

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